

A. D. PATERSON,

EDITOR

E. L. GARVIN & Co.

PUBLISHERS



FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

OFFICE { 4 Barclay-St.
Astor Building

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1846.

VOL. 8, No. 9.

LOUISE.

Oh! she is bright, as some young, rosy beam
Breaking, at morn, from the soft summer skies;
And gentleness is round her, like a dream,
Sleeping upon her lip and in her eyes;
And sweet affection weaved a fairy spell,
To veil the being that we love so well!

Who would not love her! She was formed to love;
Love played among the ringlets of her hair,
And kissed its shining gold; then sportive wove
A chaplet, 'mid the silken tresses fair.
And now, "she walks in beauty," myrtle-crowned:
While Love is watching still her steps around.

And one is near her—he, our noble one.
To whom her young heart gave its worship pure,
And wisely gave; for never yet the sun
Hath looked on love more fitted to endure!
Mind unto mind, as heart to heart doth cling:
And Genius over both one light doth fling.

And both we love! from his dark, beaming eyes
We turn us, to the soft, clear glance of hers:
Blue, earnest, changeful as our April skies—
And each an equal thrill of rapture stirs.
We give them to each other! and, in each—
We give the most of Heaven in human reach!

We give them to each other! fair and young:
Our own, our cherished, dear from childhood's hour;
And with each fond remembrance that hath clung
Round each, we bind them with a lasting power.
No separate feeling now may either claim:
We know them but as one—one heart—one name!

Oh! pleasant be their days—together blest—
One home on earth be theirs, one hope of Heaven;
The heart's sweet fulness, and the heart's sweet rest
Be, evermore, to thee beloved ones given.
Descending, circle them one Father's care:
Their spirits drawing to his own, in prayer!

Our own Louise! our sister! oh, for thee
Our warmest prayer shall aye, as now, ascend!
At night, at morn, the one deep wish shall be
For thee, and for thine own; our hearts we bend
In lowly worship, that our God may bless
All that we love, in one deep happiness.

To Him the praise! Oh, on his sacred shrine
Be the first tribute of our gladness laid;
The blessings of our youth are, Father, thine:
Then, let our youthful vows to thee be paid!
And let each trial of Affection prove
Thy smile to rest upon, and seal, our love.

MARIE.

LETTERS AND DESPATCHES OF BONAPARTE.

The Bonaparte Letters and Despatches; from the Originals in his Private Cabinet. 2 vols. Saunders & Otley.

The conviction is now general that a man may be most truly judged by his own revelations. If he has acted an important part in life, if his correspondence has been active and extensive, treating of many subjects, addressed to many parties, and often written on sudden emergencies, without time for reflection, it will certainly exhibit the movements of his mind, and reflect his character, whatever that character may be. Furnished with his letters, we are enabled to enter with him into his secret cabinet, to view his dealings with the different parties he had to conciliate or oppose, and to witness the changes made by circumstances in his sentiments. The evidence on which we try him is furnished by neither friend nor foe, but by himself. It is of all testimony the most unexceptionable, for no man can be constantly false to himself. Hence the value of those collections which have been lately formed of the letters and despatches of illustrious characters. Cromwell, Marlborough, Wellington, and Nelson are made to tell the stories of their own lives without premeditation or art. To those names we have now to add that of Napoleon Bonaparte.

The two volumes before us contain the correspondence and despatches of Napoleon from his taking the command of the army of Italy to the treaty of Campo Formio. The collection was known before, and has been largely quoted from, but it has not, to our knowledge, been previously published in this country. The first document is dated March 6, 1796; the last November 7, 1797. In those twenty months he accomplished his most brilliant operations; and by a succession of victories, so rapid, glorious, and decisive as to be without parallel in all the annals of warfare, he laid deep and sure the foundations of his throne of empire.

The earlier documents are curious for the evidence they furnish of the army of Italy when Napoleon assumed the command of it. A large proportion of the soldiers, without arms, clothing, shoes, ammunition, or food, seem to have more resembled troops of ragged banditti than battalions advancing to invasion and conquest. Bonaparte saw all the difficulties of his situation, but he saw that conquest would overcome them. His first care was to impress on the mind of the Directory his ability to cope with the dangers and perplexities of his

command. Another man would have shrunk from encountering them. He grappled with them boldly. In his first despatch to the Directory he writes:—"The administrative situation of the army is deplorable, but not desperate. The army will henceforth eat good bread, and will have butcher's meat, and it has already received some advances on its arrears of pay."

A week later he remarks in the same strain:—

"The army is in a state of frightful destitution. I have still great obstacles to surmount, but they are surmountable. Want has authorised indiscipline, and without discipline there is no victory. I hope that this will be speedily set to rights; the aspect of things is already changing; in a few days we shall be engaged with the enemy."

This language was calculated, while it revealed the distresses of the army, to re-inspire the Directory with confidence as to its fate. By their choice of a general they had removed all responsibility from their own shoulders. Another commander would have teased them for arms, for food, for clothing, just as the generals of Napoleon implored him for succour of all kinds. He trusted to his own efforts alone, and took the care of providing for the wants of his soldiers entirely on himself. It was not till he felt his position secure by repeated victories that he demanded from the Directory supplies and reinforcements. He made himself indispensable to them as a servant before he assumed the authority of a master. Their feeling for some months must have been that of profound thankfulness at having found a commander who suited them so well.

The destitution of the army was indeed greater than Napoleon had represented it. From the first he made up his mind that nothing was to be got from the home Government, and that to victory he must look to relief from want. The Directory sent forth their troops without the slightest thought of furnishing them with supplies. The exchequer was empty, all resources were exhausted, and the armies were told to supply their wants from the countries they invaded. This new principle in warfare was attended with frightful privation; and not all the genius, victories, and resources of Napoleon could prevent his soldiers from suffering the horrors of aggravated famine. On the 15th of April, three days after the victory of Montenotte, La Harpe writes to Bonaparte:—

"Notwithstanding your promises, general, the troops are without bread; they are sinking under fatigue and inanition. Send us something, at least some bread and a little brandy, for I am fearful of being a prophet of disaster; but if we are attacked to-morrow the troops will fight ill, for want of physical strength."

Either La Harpe's division was one of the worst in the army, or he wanted firmness to view its sufferings unmoved. On the 17th of April he writes to Napoleon, tendering his resignation:—

"The boundless licentiousness to which the troops give themselves up, and which cannot be remedied, because we have not a right to order a scoundrel to be shot, is hurrying us into ruin, dishonouring us, and preparing us for the most cruel reverses. * * In consequence, I beg you to accept, general, my resignation; and to send an officer to take the command entrusted to me, for I would rather dig the ground for a livelihood than be at the head of men who are worse than were the Vandals of old."

Napoleon sent supplies when he could, and hopes and cheering promises when he could despatch nothing better. He constantly held out the prospect of conquest to the troops as the only means of bettering their condition. He taught them to expect no relief but from their own valour. But after an action the men committed the most frightful excesses, and were often disappointed in their expectation that victory would give them plenty. A few extracts from the despatches of Bonaparte's generals will prove instructive, as showing the condition of his army after its earliest successes:—

"Heights of St Michael, April 20, 1796.

"Several corps have been without bread for these three days: the soldiers abused this pretext to abandon themselves to the most horrible pillage. The corps have somewhat rallied, but there are still wanting a considerable number of men, who have gone off to get provisions in all possible ways. I am ill seconded by the officers, who pillage too: they were drunk yesterday, like the others.

"If bread does not reach us, the soldiers will not march. We are still in want of a great many muskets; there were nearly 2,000 deficient before the affair.

"Cairo, April 20, 1796.

"Unless we receive bread to-night, we shall be without an ounce to-morrow, and, should it even arrive, there would not be sufficient to give a quarter of a ration to the three brigades and to the cavalry.

"All the agents, storekeepers, and others, in all the administrations, are making requisitions at random: the peasants of these parts are absolutely ruined: the soldiers are destitute, and their leaders disconsolate: rogues only are enriching themselves: there is not a moment to be lost, general, if you would save the army, if you would not have us be considered in Piedmont as men worse than the Goths and Vandals.

"Since the 23d of last month the 6th has received but two rations and a half; and the others have suffered in like manner. It is not possible to repress the men in this miserable state: your army is about to be worn down by disease, and, whenever we march, by the Barbets: for it cannot be doubted that the inhabitants, driven to despair, will arm and slaughter every French straggler.

"Above all, general, it is urgent that you should put a stop to that host of illegal requisitions; or, if they must continue, it would be better to assemble the inhabitants, shoot them, and then finish plundering, for it comes to the same point: they must be starved to death.

"Bread! bread! and again bread!"

LA HARPE."

"Camp of Dego, April 20, 1796.

"Indiscipline has reached the highest pitch. I am using all possible means to maintain order, but they are of no avail. There is no kind of excess which

the soldiers do not indulge in, and all that I can do is useless. I therefore request you, general, to be pleased to accept my resignation; for I cannot serve with soldiers who know neither subordination, nor obedience, nor law, and who are every moment threatening their officers, and their commanders.

"CHAMBARLHAC, Chief of the 70th demi-brigade."

"Dego, April 20, 1796."

"Indiscipline and insubordination are at their height: the excesses perpetrated by the soldiers cannot be checked. For several days past, I have been employing all the means in my power to bring them back to obedience and subordination; all my efforts have proved unavailing, and finding myself wholly unable to reduce them to order, I request you, general, to accept my resignation."

"MAUGRAS."

"Monte Barcaro, April 22, 1796."

"It is two o'clock and nothing has arrived; the soldiers are more busily engaged than ever in theft and plunder: peasants have been murdered by our men, and soldiers have been killed by the peasants. Words cannot adequately describe the horrors that are committed. The camps are almost deserted, the soldiers roaming over the country more like ferocious beasts than men; those who do not join in the atrocities patrolling the while, with superior officers at their head; it is to no purpose to drive them from one place; they only run to murder at another. The officers are in despair. The soldiers are culpable, but those who reduce them to the alternative of plundering or starving are much more guilty. In the name of humanity, in the name of liberty, which wretches are assassinating, rescue us from this situation! Send us wherewithal to prolong our miserable existence without committing crimes."

"Can there then exist a Providence, since its avenging bolts do not crush all the villains who are at the head of the administration?"

"LAHARPE."

Napoleon's firm nerves were not shaken by these complaints. Action was his remedy for mutiny, for famine, for sickness, for every ill that could afflict the troops. His answer to their complaints was to precipitate them against the foe; and it heightens the merits of his combinations that, fighting under every disadvantage, with men worn out by hunger, and frequently without arms or shoes, he was constantly victorious against the superior forces of the foe, though well disciplined and well provided.

The condition of the army was improved as it advanced into the heart of Italy. But the errors and corruption of the administrative officers were too deeply seated to admit of instant cure. In August, 1796, Despinos complains of the cowardice of his troops, and accounts for it by their destitution:—

"Brescia, August 4, 1796."

"I should betray my duty were I not to tell you the whole truth: there is no good, no resource to be hoped from the eighth brigade; it is so infected with cowardice that, on the firing of a single musket by one of our sentinels, this morning, at an Austrian prisoner who had appeared on the road, half the corps was already in flight. We, General Bertin and I, and all the brave, join to beseech you to put this corps in its place, or at least to spare us the evident risk of being dishonoured with it, and of being prevented from justifying your confidence. At any rate the division of which you have given me the command cannot exist in the state of disorganization in which it is at present. It is in want of everything, and not a creature to furnish it with supplies, no commissary of war, no agent, not even a medical officer and an hospital for the wounded. It is always the case that, when a prey to distresses, and suffering all sorts of privations, the soldier is disheartened; and it is this mischievous impression too that we ought to hasten to destroy."

"DESPINOS."

Almost at the same time Augereau complains of the deplorable state of a corps who had joined his division:—

"Head-quarters, Verona, August 23, 1796."

"The 29th demi-brigade has joined my division, which I reviewed on the 3d and 4th inst. Indeed, the condition of the 29th is pitiable: it has at most a hundred bayonets; it has no clothes, no shoes; I found in it volunteers under arms without any covering but a shirt and linen trousers. These troops must necessarily be armed, equipped, and clothed, or left in the rear, for they cannot be brought before the enemy in this state, occasioned by the carelessness of the chief. They are, nevertheless, soldiers who, on some occasions, have exhibited proofs of bravery, and on whom one might rely; which ought to stimulate our anxiety to put them in order, and render them fit to do good service. Make, I beg of you, all the efforts you can to this end."

Three months later yet, and after Napoleon had gained some of his most splendid successes, his brother, Louis Bonaparte, represents his troops as literally naked:—

"Lavis, Nov. 3, 1796."

"The troops are without shoes, without coats—in short, they are naked, and are beginning to be daunted: they looked yesterday with respect at the fine appearance of the Austrians in order of battle; they are in the snow: their state ought to be taken into most serious consideration. With what consequences would not our defeat be attended! The officers in general are worn out: there were some who, amidst the fire, talked only of retiring to their homes."

In another place Louis Bonaparte notices the desertion of some soldiers who had left their corps "in a rage on account of their bare and bleeding feet." Yet these troops, destitute as they were, beat five of the finest armies Austria could bring into the field, and made the world resound with the successes of France.

Napoleon was not indifferent to the peculations of the army agents and contractors. There are in these volumes a thousand proofs of the vigilance with which he watched them, and of his care for the soldiers' interests. The Republican administration was corrupt in all its branches; and Bonaparte found it impossible, with the urgent calls on his time, to collect proofs of the villany of the agents, who, in all their schemes, hung together. On his own responsibility he arrested several; and denounced others to the Directory, charging them as guilty, on his honour, though not supplied with proofs. They found him inaccessible to bribes. Of one superior agent he writes to the Directory:—

"Thevenin is a robber; he affects an insulting profusion: he has made me a present of several very fine horses, for which I had occasion, but for which I have not been able to make him accept payment. Let him be arrested and kept six months in prison; he can pay a war-tax of 500,000 francs in money: this man does not perform his duty."

At another time he calls for severe measures against the universal corruption that prevailed. Writing to the Directory in January, 1797, he calls for a despotic magistracy to examine into the army accounts and keep the agents in check:—

"Everything is sold. The army consumes five times as much as it needs, because the storekeepers forge orders and go halves with the commissaries of war. The principal actresses of Italy are kept by the employés of the French army: luxury, licentiousness, and peculation are at their height."

When he felt his power he spoke to the Directory in a more decisive tone, and accused them of protecting extortioners:—

"I have written to the treasury relative to its indecent conduct with Flachet and Co. Those fellows have done us infinite injury in carrying off millions, and thereby placed us in the most critical situation. For my part, if they come into the arrondissement of the army, I will have them put in prison till they have restored to the army the five millions of which they have robbed it. Not only does the treasury care nothing about furnishing the army with its pay and supplying its wants, but it even protects the rogues who come to the army to feather their nests."

With vast exertions he succeeded in introducing a system of greater order and regularity into the financial and commissariat departments of the army. He personally inspected the stores furnished. When he ordered shoes for the men, he was not satisfied without inspecting specimens himself. When from the shortness of provisions their rations were reduced, he directed that the difference should be made up to them in money.

It is not often in these papers that we find Napoleon speaking of himself. We discover his activity by incidental notices here and there. "Infuse greater activity into your correspondence," he writes to the French minister at Venice.

"Have daily accounts rendered to you," he writes to Vaubois when governor of Leghorn, "and inform me regularly of all that passes." "Five of my horses are dead of fatigue," he writes to Salicetti: "I cannot write to the Directory: I beg of you to inform it of what you see, and of what Louis will tell you verbally." "I do not hear from you so often as I wish;" "Let me know everything," are his constant exclamations. He found time for the minutest regulations. He enjoins the commandants of his garrisons what company they are to keep, and in what style they are to live. However distant might be the divisions of his army, he seemed constantly present among them, and was never absent where the true blow was to be struck. Succour always arrived where succour was most needed.

He had formed a correct judgment of the character of the Directory, and knew how to obtain its confidence. With success, he managed to remit its supplies. Before he had been six weeks in Italy, he proposes to send a million of francs to the army of the Rhine. A little later and the Directory find themselves able to draw on him for ten millions. He knew the spirit of his employers, and sold peace dearly. He writes to the Directory, June 7:—

"I shall soon be at Bologna. Is it your pleasure that I should then accept from the Pope, as the price of an armistice, twenty-five millions of contributions in cash, five millions in kind, 300 pictures, statues and manuscripts in proportion, and that I insist on the release of all patriots confined for revolutionary acts? I shall have sufficient time to receive your orders, since I shall not be at Bologna for these ten or fifteen days."

Who can wonder that the Directors were in raptures at their choice? On the 8th of June he writes:—

"A commissioner of the Directory is come for the contributions. A million has been despatched to Basle for the army of the Rhine. You have eight millions at Genoa: you can reckon upon that. Two millions more were going off for Paris; but the commissary assured me that it is your intention that the whole should go to Genoa."

Under date of July 5 he writes to the Commissioner of Marine at Toulon:—

"Eighty carriages loaded with hemp are about to start from Bologna for Nice, where they will be at your disposal."

"I have written to the minister of the marine to inform him that he might send commissioners to Rome, to receive to the amount of 4,000,000 in cash."

On the part of the Directory, Reveillere-Lepeux writes back to Napoleon, August 23, 1796:—

"The supplies which the army of Italy pours into the national treasury are the more valuable the more violent the crisis: they have contributed to thwart the plots of our internal enemies."

The Directors sold themselves to Bonaparte. He saw his advantage, and soon asserted the superiority of command. When it was proposed to associate Kellerman with him, he decisively refused. His answer shows both his resolution and his judgment. To Carnot he says, May 14, 1796:—

"Kellerman will command the army as well as I, for nobody is more convinced than myself that the victories are owing to the courage and daring of the army; but I cannot help thinking that to unite Kellerman with me in Italy would ruin everything. I should not like to serve with a man who deems himself the first general in Europe; and I think, besides, that it is better to have one bad general than two good ones. War is like government—it is an affair of tact."

To the Directory he is yet more explicit:—

"If you impose fetters of all kinds upon me; if I must refer at every step to the commissioners of the government; if they have a right to change my movements, to take from me or send me troops, expect no more good. If you weaken your means by dividing your forces; if you break the unity of military conception in Italy; I tell you with grief, you will have thrown away the fairest occasion for imposing laws upon Italy."

"In the position of the affairs of the Republic in Italy, it is indispensable that you should have a general who possesses your entire confidence; if it were not to be myself I should not complain, but I would strive to redouble my zeal to deserve your esteem in the post that you should confer upon me. Every one has his own method of making war. General Kellerman has more experience, and will do better than I; but, both together there, we should do nothing but mischief."

The next despatches brought news of great successes, and the Directory yielded, avowing the confidence it had in his talents and republican zeal. He frequently arraigns the measures of the Directory with great bitterness. "Our administrative conduct at Leghorn," he says, "is detestable. It makes us pass in the eyes of all Italy for Vandals." To reproaches of this kind the Directory replied submissively. Reveillere Lepeux writes July 31, 1796:—

"You possess, citizen-general, the confidence of the Directory: the services which you are daily rendering give you a right to it; the considerable sums which the republic owes to your victories prove that you attend at once to glory and to the interests of your country."

In this campaign he began to be accustomed to consider himself entitled to the first consideration of the state. He calls continually for reinforcements, and uses persuasions, threats, and menaces to obtain them. "The more men you send me, the better I shall be able to feed them." When expecting the assault of a fresh army from Austria, he writes, Oct. 1, 1796:—

"If the preservation of Italy is dear to you, citizens directors, send me all these succours. I want also 20,000 muskets: but these things must arrive, and not be like all that is promised to this army but never comes."

The Directory were liberal in their promises. They continually write, expect 10,000 men from the army of the ocean, 10,000 from the Rhine, &c., &c. Bu

Napoleon expected them in vain. The war administration was both corrupt and incapable, and promises were nearly all that Napoleon received. His mortification rose into rage at finding himself so often deceived. Desertion must have prevailed on the most extensive scale. He constantly says, "Do not expect more than half the troops you send to reach me. The others will drop off on the road."

His style of composition is remarkable. It is abrupt, stern, and commanding. The opening of his letter to the Minister of the King of Sardinia is very characteristic:—

"I am no diplomatist, sir; I am a soldier: you will forgive my frankness. In different parts of his Majesty's dominions the French are murdered, robbed. By the treaty of peace, the king, who is bound to grant us a passage through his territories, ought to make it safe for us, &c."

"People judge of men, sir, by their actions alone: the integrity of the king is universally known; yet one is almost forced to think that there are political reasons which cause atrocities so revolting to be encouraged or at least tolerated."

His perception of character seems to have been instinctive. He formed his judgment of his officers at once, and rarely appears to have been mistaken. The note in which he gives his opinion of his generals of division to the Directory is striking:—

"Head-quarters, Brescia, August 13, 1796.

"I think it useful, citizens directors, to give you my opinion of the generals employed in this army. You will see that there are very few who can be of service to me.

"Berthier: talents, courage, character—everything in his favour.

"Augereau: a great deal of character, courage, firmness, activity; habit of war; is beloved by the soldiers, lucky in his operations.

"Massena: active, indefatigable, daring; has quickness of apprehension and promptness in decision.

"Serrurier: fights like a soldier, takes nothing upon himself, firm, has not a very good opinion of his troops; is ill.

"Despinois: soft, without activity, without daring, has not fighting habits, is not liked by the soldiers, does not fight at their head; has, for the rest, haughty intelligence, and sound political principles: fit to command in the interior.

"Sauret: good, very good soldier, but not enlightened enough to be general; not lucky.

"Abatucci: not fit to command fifty men.

"Garnier, Meunier, Casabianca: incapable, not fit to command a battalion in so active and so serious a war as this.

"Macquart: a brave man, no talents, fiery.

"Gauthier: fit for an office (bureau); never was engaged in war.

"Vaubois and Sahuguet were employed in the fortresses; I have transferred them to the army: I shall learn to appreciate them; they have both acquitted themselves extremely well of the commissions that I have hitherto given them; but the example of General Despinois, who was all right at Milan, and all wrong at the head of his division, orders me to judge of men by their actions."

"BONAPARTE."

All his despatches are short, but full of matter. He never fences with his subject. He expresses himself with clearness and precision, but in few words. His account of the defeat of the last army Austria on this occasion sent into the field is in his usual energetic style:—

"Thus during the last three or four days the fifth army of the Emperor is entirely destroyed. We have taken 23,000 prisoners, among whom are one lieutenant-general and two generals; 6,000 men killed or wounded; sixty pieces of cannon, and about twenty-four colours. All the battalions of Vienna volunteers have been made prisoners: their colours are embroidered by the Empress herself. General Alvinzi's army was nearly 50,000 strong: part of it had come post from the heart of Austria. In all these affairs we have had but 700 men killed and about 1,200 wounded. The army is animated with the best spirit and in the best dispositions."

Occasionally short sentences of profound wisdom and general applicability are found in his hurried letters. Alluding, April 16, 1797, to the hesitation of Moreau in crossing the Rhine, he says:—"He who is fearful of losing his glory is sure to lose it." And again:—"Never since history has recorded military operations has a river proved a real obstacle." His sarcasm is cutting. Of Genoa he remarks, it will be easy to attach it to France, "if no attempt is made to extract from them their money, which is the only thing they care about." He asks the Directory to send him some cavalry officers who have fire, and a firm resolution never to make "a scientific retreat." Fond of daring actions, he could yet discriminate between rashness and decision. "That man," he says, speaking of Beaulieu, "has the daring of madness and not that of genius." Noticing the approach of the dog days in Italy, which would stop all operations, he exclaims:—"Miserable beings that we are, we can only observe nature, not overcome it." Relating a stratagem he had formed for the surprise of Mantua, he expresses himself doubtful of its result:—"The success of this coup-de-main, like others of the same kind, depends absolutely on luck, on a dog or a goose."

The faithlessness of Napoleon's character often breaks out in these volumes. He had for truth not only a disregard, but a contempt. He never negotiated but to deceive. Falsehood, he seems to have regarded as an allowable artifice. Relating to the Directory, the means by which he extracted supplies from Venice, and had entangled that State in a quarrel, he says, June 7, 1796:—

"If your plan is to extract five or six millions from Venice, I have purposely provided this sort of rupture for you. You might demand it by way of indemnity for the battle of Borghetto, which I was obliged to fight in order to take that place. If you have more decided intentions, I think you ought to keep up this subject of quarrel, inform me of what you design to do, and await the favorable moment, which I will seize according to circumstances: for we must not have all the world upon our hands at once."

In his dealings with Genoa, he was equally faithless. He writes to the French agent in that city, June 15, 1796:—

"We have established a great many batteries on the Riviera of Genoa: we ought now to sell the cannon and ammunition to the Genoese, that we may not have to guard them, but yet find them there in case we have need of them again."

"BONAPARTE."

But it was in his negotiations with the Court of Rome that his duplicity was the most conspicuous. Agreeing to Bonaparte's representations, the Directory authorised him (Oct. 15, 1796) to continue negotiations with Rome until, having settled other affairs, he felt himself strong enough to march against the Papal States:—

"We can now think with more advantage of chastising the obstinacy of the Pope, who has refused the conditions of the peace; but the taking of Rome is a great and delicate operation in the state in which we are at present, and ought

not to be undertaken till the most favourable moment. You have seen by one of our late despatches that, to cover our ulterior plans, we have enjoined our commissioners with the army of Italy to spin out the negotiation with the Pope; but we request you to inform citizen Cacault that he is exclusively charged with the measures which he has to take, in order to keep up a feeling of security in Rome, and to prevent any suspicion of our designs till you can engage in the execution of them."

These sentiments were in perfect conformity with those entertained by Napoleon. Indeed he did not want to receive them to carry out the deception they recommended. He wrote to Cardinal Mattei, urgently entreating him to use his influence with the Pope to prevent hostilities, and stated in the most express and solemn terms his desire for peace:—

"Head-quarters, Ferrara, Oct. 21, 1796.

"The court of Rome has refused to adopt the conditions of peace offered by the Directory; it has broken the armistice, and, while suspending the execution of the conditions, it is arming; it wishes for war, and shall have it: but, before I can in cold blood foresee the ruin and death of those senseless persons who would pretend to oppose the republican phalanxes, I owe it to my nation, to humanity, to myself, to make a last effort to bring back the Pope to more moderate sentiments, conformable to his true interests, to his character, and to reason."

"The French Government permits me still to listen to negotiations for peace; every thing may be arranged. War, so cruel for the people, has terrible results for the vanquished; avert great calamities from the Pope. You know how anxious I am to finish by peace a struggle that war would terminate for me without glory as without danger."

To judge of the sincerity of this communication, we have only to turn to the letter he writes (three days later) to "Citizen Cacault," the French Minister at Rome:—

"Verona, Oct. 24, 1796.

"The Directory informs me that it has charged you to continue the negotiations with Rome. You will keep me regularly apprized of what you are doing, that I may seize the favorable moment for executing the intentions of the Directory. You are well aware that, after the peace with Naples and Genoa, the good harmony which prevails with the King of Sardinia, the recapture of Corsica, and our decided superiority in the Mediterranean, I shall not delay for a moment to rush upon Rome, and to avenge the national honour: the greatest point just now is to gain time. My intention is, when I enter the Papal territories, and it will not be long first, to do it in consequence of the armistice, in order to take possession of Ancona; thence, after setting my rear in order, I shall be better able to proceed further. In short, the great art at this moment is to keep up the ball between us to deceive the old fox."

In the last despatch of this collection, Oct. 16, 1797, he recounts to the Directory the articles of the treaty of peace he had concluded, and speaks of withdrawing into retirement:—

"I think that I have done what every member of the Directory would have done in my place. I have merited by my services the approbation of the Government and of the nation; I have received repeated marks of its esteem. I have now no more to do but to mingle again with the crowd, to grasp once more the plough of Cincinnatus, and to set an example of respect for magistrates and aversion for military rule, which has destroyed so many republics and ruined several states."

At that moment he was probably meditating the seizure of the supreme authority. For some months previously he had regarded himself as the first person in the state, and must have had profound contempt for the Government he expressed his intention of obeying.

As illustrating the most important and brilliant period of Napoleon's life, we regard these volumes as of the first importance. They exhibit his character in all its brilliancy of light, and depth of shadow.

SIX FRANCS: A FRENCH ANECDOTE.

Happening to visit a friend at his apartments in the Rue de la Paix, we were as usual entertained by the sound of music under the windows; and looking out saw a young Savoyard, who, like hundreds of his wandering tribe, was soliciting charity by an interchange of sweet sounds, in which, though young, he was far from unskilful. The air which he sung and played was a favourite of his own mountains—*Digo Jeaneto te vouas tu louga*—the sentiment of which my friend interpreted, but the music, simple and sweet, needed no interpreter, but carried its melody at once to the heart. This circumstance led us into a long interchange of anecdotes characteristic of these wandering minstrels and the romantic country of Savoy, through which I had just passed. Among the anecdotes related, the following took the strongest hold of my memory, and I will here set down as much of it as I can recollect, in the narrator's own words:—

"I was going," said he, "to the post-office on a fete-day last month; it was the fete of St. Noel, when I annually send, through that office, a small sum of money to an old faithful servant now living at Bordeaux. I knew and felt that this was merely an act of justice; but the pleasing satisfaction which it inspired in my heart was blended, I fear, with something like a vain pride, which would have flattered me into the belief that I was doing an act of great and disinterested benevolence! But I felt myself deeply humbled by the comparison which, in a few minutes afterwards, I was compelled to draw between my own sentiments and those of the poor Savoyard with whom I entered into conversation. Having franked my letter, I entered the hall with my remittance, where eight or ten clerks were busily engaged in arranging the correspondence of the day; and, taking my place on a bench close to the stove, I found my right-hand neighbour was a mountaineer of Savoy, in the coarse but characteristic dress of his country. Knowing a little of the *Provençal*, I addressed him in that tongue, to which he replied with evident satisfaction: and in another minute or so we had entered into friendly conversation, but which, in reverence to the lettered men around us, we could only carry on in whispers."

"And pray, my friend," I inquired, "to what part of the ancient duchy of Savoy do you belong?" "To the neighbourhood of Chambéry," and he immediately entered into a passionate description of his Alpine home. "And what," I continued, "are you doing in Paris?" "Ah, here my only employment is singing and playing on the violin. Sometimes I get employed by the night, sometimes by the hour, and once or twice I have been attached to a *corps dramatique* for a whole week. I frequent the principal thoroughfares; and whenever the people seem inclined to listen, or dance, there I am with my violin." "Very good, and I hope the musician is made to participate in the mirth which he takes so much pains to promote? Are these the earnings which you are now sending home? to buy, perhaps, some little field to be attached to the paternal cottage at Chambéry." "*Pauvre de moi!*" he exclaimed, with a significant shrug of the

shoulders, 'I shall die as poor as I was born; and when first I came to Paris at the age of nine or ten, thence to roam through the streets, sweep the chimneys, &c., all that I had from my relations was about twenty-four sous, and a kick by way of *conge*.' These were his words. 'A slender patrimony, to be sure,' said I; 'but the *coup de pied*, how came that to be annexed to the sous? Your relations, I fear must have been hard-hearted people?' 'No, monsieur, not at all,' said he; 'it was merely because they were very, very poor, and gave me the *coup* only in token of my discharge; but they are dead now.' 'Dead! and to whom, then, are you sending all the money which you now hold in your hand, wrapt up in that canvass-bag? It appears to be a good lumping sum.' 'Alas, monsieur,' he answered, with a sigh and a shake of the head, 'the sum total is but fourteen francs.' 'Ah, I see; you have been trying the lottery, and fortune has'—'Not I, indeed, monsieur; I am not such a fool as to pay that which I really have in my hand for that which I may never have.' 'You are right,' I observed; 'my hasty suspicion did you great injustice; the lottery is a poll-tax levied upon fools' heads, and I do not think that yours comes at all under that class of liabilities. But why,' I continued, looking again at the size of the packet, 'why, are there but fourteen francs?' 'Monsieur,' he replied, looking with a mournful earnestness at the bag, 'it is because the money it contains remains unchanged, just as it was when it came into my hands, the fruit of my daily *tire-lire*—the whole of my savings during the last long twelve months, part of which I had the honour to be partner with the *Magicien à la Lanterne*. Ah, monsieur, dans ce Paris sans pair, c'est tout que d'avoir un talent agreable!—tenez; and so saying, he counted out the whole sum in his lap. It consisted of the smallest coins in circulation, mostly copper, and very little silver. I was affected by this candour: a small sum, yet a vast sacrifice to this poor but generous youth! I thought of the poor widow casting her mite into the treasury, and for a minute or two we did not speak. 'But tell me, my good friend,' I resumed, 'to whom are you remitting all this little saving? Are you married? have you a wife at home?' 'Mon Dieu! non; married! if I were, how should I endure the misery of living at a distance of two hundred leagues from my poor wife? And pray, monsieur,' said he looking at the purse in my hand, 'are you not also sending money into the country?—gold, no doubt; do favour me with the sight of a louis, just that I might see how it is made; I have heard'—I immediately took the coin out of my purse. He examined it attentively, kissed the loyal image upon it, and returned it. 'But,' said I, 'you have not yet told me who at Chambéry is to benefit by this handsome present?' 'True, monsieur, I had forgotten; for I neither wish to publish nor conceal an honest deed—an offering of gratitude; I am sending this last year's savings to the good Louise Voisin, who, after the death of my poor mother, took me under her care, nursed me like her own child, brought me up, and now thinks of me. I know, every day and hour of her life.' At this tender thought, tears started from his eyes and stopt his utterance. 'Yes,' he resumed, 'she is now very infirm; she was a mother to me, and these fourteen francs will help her through the winter; for the winter is both long and cold at Chambéry. I need not add how much this conversation touched my heart; the poor minstrel appeared a nobler being in my sight than if he had carried a marshal's baton. 'My friend,' said I, in a whisper, 'perhaps this little golden portrait of our excellent king might be thought a rarity in your native village; this coin is fresh from the mint, your friend Louise may not have seen one. Give me, then, that bag which you hold in your hand, and take this; it shall be franked instantly, so that it may reach your friend Louise without any deduction. Come, I will arrange this matter at once in your presence.' 'Mon Dieu, monsieur, que vous etes bon! Ah, could you but know the pleasure she will feel in receiving a little louis from her poor little Pierre! she will think I am become very rich, and the poor old soul will weep for joy.' 'Alas, my worthy friend,' and I uttered the words with some difficulty, for I was overcome, 'you little imagine what true delight this frank demonstration of an excellent heart has afforded me! But say, in a word, tell me candidly what have you left? nothing, perhaps?' 'Monsieur,' he answered, 'I was afraid of this question; but since you demand a reply, I confess I have nothing left. But what does that signify? I have still, thank God, my voice and my violin. We attend the fetes—all the world dances; and thus, you see clearly, I shall gain *mon ecu par jour*, more or less. And look, what need have I of any thing? I accept with joy and gratitude these six francs for my poor Louise; but as for anything further, I am convinced, monsieur, that so long as I can gain a livelihood by my own strength I ought never to hold out my hand for charity. Honour tells me this, my conscience repeats it, and I dare not stifle that voice.'

"Such sentiments, uttered by a person who, to all outward appearance, was as uncouth in mind as in habiliments, struck me with surprise and delight. We parted; the gold was forwarded; it arrived safe in the hands of the poor old nurse at Chambéry; and I have not lost sight of Pierre. O that examples of this kind (more general than perhaps we suppose) might extend that generous sympathy which all good men must feel for a poor but estimable brother! I have known and tasted most of those pleasures which are only to be found in the walks of wealth and fashion; but never, never have I derived from these one half the pleasure—pure and lasting pleasure—that I derived from the circumstance which I have now faithfully related. If, with Moliere, I am ever tempted to exclaim—

'Ou diable l'honnetete va-t-elle se nicher!'

I revert at once to my Savoyard and the six francs."

MARLBOROUGH'S DESPATCHES.—1710-1711.

(Concluded.)

Marlborough arrived at the Hague on the 4th March; and, although no longer possessing the confidence of government, or intrusted with any control over diplomatic measures, he immediately set himself with the utmost vigour to prepare for military operations. Great efforts had been made by both parties, during the winter, for the resumption of hostilities, on even a more extended scale than in any preceding campaign. Marlborough found the army in the Low Countries extremely efficient and powerful; diversions were promised on the side both of Spain and Piedmont; and a treaty had been concluded with the Spanish malcontents, in consequence of which a large part of the Imperial forces were rendered disposable, which Prince Eugene was preparing to lead into the Low Countries. But, in the midst of these flattering prospects, an event occurred which suddenly deranged them all, postponed for above a month the opening of the campaign, and, in its final result, changed the fate of Europe. This was the death of the Emperor Joseph, of the small-pox, which happened at Vienna on the 16th April—an event which was immediately followed by Charles, King of Spain, declaring himself a candidate for the Imperial throne. As his pretensions required to be supported by a powerful demonstration of troops, the march of a large part of Eugene's men to the Netherlands was immediately stopped, and that prince himself was hastily recalled

from Mentz, to take command of the empire at Ratisbon, as marshal. Charles was soon after elected Emperor. Thus Marlborough was left to commence the campaign alone, which was the more to be regretted, as the preparations of Louis, during the winter, for the defence of his dominions had been made on the most extensive scale, and Marshal Villars' lines had come to be regarded as the *ne plus ultra* of field fortification. Yet were Marlborough's forces most formidable; for when reviewed at Orchies on the 30th April, between Lille and Douay, they were found, including Eugene's troops which had come up, to amount to one hundred and eighty-four battalions, and three hundred and sixty-four squadrons, mustering above one hundred thousand combatants. But forty-one battalions and forty squadrons were in garrison, which reduced the effective force in the field to eighty thousand men.

The great object of Louis and his generals had been to construct such a line of defences as might prevent the irruption of the enemy into the French territory, now that the interior and last line of fortresses was so nearly broken through. In pursuance of this design, Villars had, with the aid of all the most experienced engineers in France, and at a vast expense of labour and money, constructed during the winter a series of lines and field-works, exceeding any thing yet seen in modern Europe in magnitude and strength, and to which the still more famous lines of Torres Vedras have alone, in subsequent times, afforded a parallel. The works extended from Namur on the Meuse, by a sort of irregular line, to the coast of Picardy. Running first along the marshy line of the Canche, they rested on the forts of Montreuil, Hesdin, and Trevant; while the great fortresses of Ypres, Calais, Gravelines, and St Omer, lying in their front, and still in the hands of the French, rendered any attempt to approach them both difficult and hazardous. Along the whole of this immense line, extending over so great a variety of ground, for above forty miles, every effort had been made, by joining the resources of art to the defences of nature, to render the position impregnable. The lines were not continuous, as in many places the ground was so rugged, or the obstacles of rocks, precipices, and ravines were so formidable, that it was impossible to overcome them. But wherever a passage was practicable, the approaches to it were protected in the most formidable manner. If a streamlet ran along the line, it was carefully dammed up, so as to be rendered impassable. Every morass was deepened, by stopping up its drains, or letting in the water of the larger rivers by artificial canal into it; redoubts were placed on the heights, so as to enfilade the plains between them; while in the open country, where no advantage of ground was to be met with, field-works were erected, armed with abundance of heavy cannon. To man these formidable lines, Villars had under his command one hundred and fifty-six battalions, and two hundred and twenty-seven squadrons in the field, containing seventy thousand infantry, and twenty thousand horse. He had ninety field guns and twelve howitzers. There was, besides, thirty-five battalions and eighty squadrons detached or in forts; and, as Eugene soon took away twelve battalions and fifty squadrons from the Allied army, the forces on the opposite side, when they came to blows, were very nearly equal.

Marlborough took the field on the 1st of May, with eighty thousand men; and his whole force was soon grouped in and around Douay. The headquarters of Villars were at Cambrai; but, seeing the forces of his adversary thus accumulated in one point, he made a corresponding concentration, and arranged his whole disposable forces between Bouchain on the right, and Monchy, Le Preux on the left. This position of the French marshal, which extended in a concave semicircle with the fortresses, covering either flank, he considered, and with reason, as beyond the reach of attack. The English general was meditating a great enterprise, which should at once deprive the enemy of all his defences, and reduce him to the necessity of fighting a decisive battle, or losing his last frontier fortresses. But he was overwhelmed with gloomy anticipations; he felt his strength sinking under his incessant and protracted fatigues, and knew well he was serving a party who, envious of his fame, were ready only to decry his achievements.* He lay, accordingly, for three weeks awaiting the arrival of his illustrious colleague, Prince Eugene, who joined on the 23d May, and took part in a great celebration of the anniversaries of the victory at Ramilies, which had taken place on that day. The plans of the Allied generals were soon formed; and, taking advantage of the enthusiasm excited by that commemoration, and the arrival of so illustrious a warrior, preparations were made for the immediate commencement of active operations. On the 28th, the two generals reviewed the whole army. But their designs were soon interrupted by an event which changed the whole fortune of the campaign. Early in June, Eugene received positive orders to march to Germany, with a considerable part of his troops, to oppose a French force, which was moving towards the Rhine, to influence the approaching election of Emperor. On the 13th June, Eugene and Marlborough separated, for the last time, with the deepest expressions of regret on both sides, and gloomy forebodings of the future. The former marched towards the Rhine with twelve battalions and fifty squadrons, while Marlborough's whole remaining force marched to the right in six divisions.

Though Villars was relieved by the departure of Eugene from a considerable part of the force opposed to him, and he naturally felt desirous of now measuring his strength with his great antagonist in a decisive affair, yet he was restrained from hazarding a general engagement. Louis, trusting to the progress of the Tory intrigues in England, and daily expecting to see Marlborough and the war-party overthrown, sent him positive orders not to fight; and soon after detached twenty-five battalions and forty squadrons, in two divisions, to the Upper Rhine, to watch the movements of Eugene. Villars encouraged this separation, representing that the strength of his position was such that he could afford to send a third detachment to the Upper Rhine, if it was thought proper. Marlborough, therefore, in vain offered battle, and drew up his army in the plain of Lens for that purpose. Villars cautiously remained on the defensive; and, though he threw eighteen bridges over the Scarpe, and made a show of intending to fight, he cautiously abstained from any steps which might bring on a general battle. It was not without good reason that Louis thus enjoined his lieutenant to avoid compromising his army. The progress of the negotiations with England gave him the fairest ground for believing that he would obtain nearly all he desired from the favour with which he was regarded by the British cabinet without running any risk. He had commenced a separate negotiation with the court of St. James's, which had been favourably received; and Mr. Secretary St. John had already transmitted to Lord Raby, the new plenipotentiary at the Hague, a sketch of six preliminary

* "I see my Lord Rochester has gone where we all must follow. I believe my journey will be hastened by the many vexations I meet with. I am sure I wish well to my country, and if I could do no good, I should think no pains too great; but I find myself decay so very fast, that from my heart and soul I wish the Queen and my country at peace by which I might have the advantage of enjoying a little quiet, which is my greatest ambition."—Marlborough to the Duchess, 25th May.

articles proposed by the French king, which were to be the basis of a general peace.

The high tone of these proposals proved how largely Louis counted upon the altered dispositions of the British cabinet. The Spanish succession, the real object of the war, was evaded. Every thing was directed to British objects, and influenced by the desire to tempt the commercial cupidity of England to the abandonment of the great objects of her national policy. Real security was tendered to the British commerce with Spain, the Indus and the Mediterranean; the barrier the Dutch had so long contended for was agreed to: a reasonable satisfaction was tendered to the allies of England and Holland; and, as to the Spanish succession, it was to be left to "new expedients, to the satisfaction of all parties interested." These proposals were favourably received by the British ministry; they were in secret communicated to the Pensionary Heinsius, but concealed from the Austrian and Piedmontese plenipotentiaries; and they were not communicated to Marlborough—a decisive proof both of the altered feeling of the cabinet towards that general, and of the consciousness on their part of the tortuous path on which they were now entering.

After much deliberation, and a due consideration of what could be effected by the diminished force now at his disposal, which by the successive drafts to Eugene's army, was now reduced to one hundred and nineteen battalions, and two hundred and fifty squadrons, not mustering above seventy-five thousand combatants, Marlborough determined to break through the enemies' boasted lines; and, after doing so, undertake the siege of Bouchain, the possession of which would give him solid footing within the French frontier. With this view, he had long and minutely studied the lines of Villars: and he hoped that, even with the force at his disposal, they might be broken through. To accomplish this, however, required an extraordinary combination of stratagem and force; and the manner in which Marlborough contrived to unite them, and bring the ardent mind and lively imagination of his adversary to play into his hands, to the defeat of all the objects he had most at heart, is perhaps the most wonderful part of his whole military achievements.

During his encampment at Lewarde, opposite Villars, the English general had observed that a triangular piece of ground in front of the French position, between Cambray, Aubanchoeil-au-bac, and the junction of the Sauzet and Scheldt offered a position so strong, that a small body of men might defend it against a very considerable force. He resolved to make the occupation of this inconsiderable piece of ground the pivot on which the whole passage of the lines should be effected. A redoubt at Aubigny, which commanded the approach to it, was first carried without difficulty. Arleux, which also was fortified, was next attacked by seven hundred men, who issued from Douay in the night. That post also was taken, with one hundred and twenty prisoners. Marlborough instantly used all imaginable expedition in strengthening it; and Villars, jealous of a fortified post so close to his lines remaining in the hands of the Allies, attacked it in the night of the 9th July; and, though he failed in retaking the work, he surprised the Allies at that point, and made two hundred men and four hundred horses prisoners. Though much chagrined at the success of this nocturnal attack, the English general now saw his designs advancing to maturity. He therefore left Arleux to its own resources, and marched towards Bethune. That fort was immediately attacked by Marshal Montesquieu, and, after a stout resistance, carried by the French, who made the garrison, five hundred strong, prisoners. Villars immediately razed Arleux to the ground, and withdrew his troops; while Marlborough, who was in hopes the lure of these successes would induce Villars to hazard a general engagement, shut himself up in his tent, and appeared to be overwhelmed with mortification at the checks he had received.

Villars was so much elated with these successes, and the accounts he received of Marlborough's mortification, that he wrote to the king of France a vain-glorious letter, in which he boasted that he had at length brought his antagonist to a *ne plus ultra*. Meanwhile, Marlborough sent off his heavy baggage to Douay; sent his artillery under a proper guard to the rear; and with all imaginable secrecy, baked bread for the whole troops for six days, which was privately brought up. Thus disencumbered and prepared, he broke up at four in the morning on the 1st of August, and marched in eight columns towards the front. During the three following days, the troops continued concentrated, and menacing sometimes one part of the French lines and sometimes another, so as to leave the real point of attack in a state of uncertainty. Seriously alarmed, Villars concentrated his whole force opposite the Allies, and drew in all his detachments, evacuating even Aubigny and Arleux, the object of so much eager contention some days before. On the evening of the 4th, Marlborough, affecting great chagrin at the check he had received, spoke openly to those around him of his intention of avenging them by a general action, and pointed to the direction the attacking columns were to take. He then returned to the camp, and gave orders to prepare for battle. Gloom hung on every countenance of those around him; it appeared nothing short of an act of madness to attack an enemy superior in number, and strongly posted in a camp surrounded with entrenchments, and bristling with cannon. They ascribed it to desperation, produced by the mortifications received from the government, and feared that, by one rash act, he would lose the fruit of all his victories. Proportionally great was the joy in the French camp, when the men, never doubting they were on the eve of a glorious victory, spent the night in the exultation which, in that excitable people, has so often been the prelude to disaster.

Having brought the feeling of both armies to this point, and produced a concentration of Villars's army directly in his front, Marlborough, at dusk on the 4th, ordered the drums to beat; and before the roll had ceased, orders were given for the tents to be struck. Meanwhile Cadogan secretly left the camp, and met twenty-three battalions and seventeen squadrons, drawn from the garrisons of Lille and Tournay, which instantly marched; and continuing to advance all night, passed the lines rapidly to the left, without opposition at Arleux, at break of day. A little before nine, the Allied main army began to defile rapidly to the left, through the woods of Villars and Neuville—Marlborough himself leading the van, at the head of fifty squadrons. With such expedition did they march, still holding steadily on to the left, that before five in the morning of the 5th they reached Vitry on the Scarpe, where they found pontoons ready for their passage, and a considerable train of field artillery. At the same time, the English general here received the welcome intelligence of Cadogan's success. He instantly dispatched orders to every man and horse to press forward without delay. Such was the ardour of the troops, who all saw the brilliant manœuvre by which they had outwitted the enemy, and rendered all their labour abortive, that they marched sixteen hours without once halting; and by ten next morning, the whole had passed the enemies' lines without opposition, and without firing a shot! Villars received intelligence of the night-march having begun at eleven at night; but so utterly was he in the dark as to the plan his opponent was pursuing, that he came up to Verger, when Marlborough had drawn up his army on the inner side of the lines in order of battle, attend-

ed only by a hundred dragoons, and narrowly escaped being made prisoner. Altogether, the Allied troops marched thirty-six miles in sixteen hours, the most part of them in the dark, and crossed several rivers, without falling into confusion or sustaining any loss. The annals of war scarcely afford an example of such a success being gained in so bloodless a manner. The famous French lines, which Villars boasted would form the *ne plus ultra* of Marlborough, had been passed without losing a man; the labour of nine months was at once rendered of no avail; and the French army, in deep dejection, had no alternative but to retire under the cannon of Cambray.

This great success at once restored the lustre of Marlborough's reputation, and, for a short season, put to silence his detractors. Eugene, with the generosity which formed so striking a feature in his character, wrote to congratulate him on his achievement; and even Bolingbroke admitted that this bloodless triumph rivalled his greatest achievements. Marlborough immediately commenced the siege of Bouchain: but this was an enterprise of no small difficulty, as it was to be accomplished on very difficult ground, in presence of an army superior in force. The investment was formed on the very day after the lines had been passed, and an important piece of ground occupied, which might have enabled Villars to communicate with the town, and regain a defensible position. On the morning of the 8th August, a bridge was thrown over the Scheldt at Neuville, and sixty squadrons passed over, which barred the road from Douay. Villars upon this threw thirty battalions across the Senzet, and made himself master of a hill above, on which he began to erect works, which would have kept open his communications with the town on its southern front. Marlborough saw at once this design, and at first determined to storm the works ere they were completed; and, with this view, General Fagel, with a strong body of troops, was secretly passed over the river. But Villars, having heard of the design, attacked the Allied posts at Ivry with such vigour, that Marlborough was obliged to counter-march in haste, to be at hand to support them. Baffled in this attempt, Marlborough erected a chain of works on the right bank of the Scheldt, from Houdain, through Ivry, to the Sette, near Haspres, while Cadogan strengthened himself with similar works on the left. Villars, however, still retained the fortified position which has been mentioned, and which kept up his communication with the town; and the intercepting this was another, and the last, of Marlborough's brilliant field operations.

Notwithstanding all the diligence with which Villars laboured to strengthen his men on this important position, he could not equal the activity with which the English general strove to supplant them. During the night of the 13th, three redoubts were marked out, which would have completed the French marshal's communication with the town. But on the morning of the 14th they were all stormed by a large body of the Allied troops before the works could be armed. That very day the Allies carried their zig-zag down to the very edge of a morass which adjoined Bouchain on the south, so as to command a causeway from that town to Cambray, which the French still held, communicating with the besieged town. But, to complete the investment, it was necessary to win this causeway; and this last object was gained by Marlborough with equal daring and success. A battery, commanding the road, had been placed by Villars in a redoubt garrisoned by six hundred men, supported by three thousand more close in the rear. Marlborough, with incredible labour and diligence, constructed two roads, made of fascines, through part of the marsh, so as to render it passable to foot soldiers; and, on the night of the 16th, six hundred chosen grenadiers were sent across them to attack the intrenched battery. They rapidly advanced in the dark till the fascine path ended, and then boldly plunging into the marsh, struggled on, with the water often up to their arm-pits, till they reached the foot of the intrenchment, into which they rushed, without firing a shot, with fixed bayonets. So complete was the surprise, that the enemy were driven from their guns with the loss only of six men: the work carried; and with such diligence were its defences strengthened, that before morning it was in a condition to bid defiance to any attack.

Villars was now effectually cut off from Bouchain, and the operations of the siege were conducted with the utmost vigour. On the night of the 21st, the trenches were opened: three separate attacks were pushed at the same time against the eastern, western, and southern faces of the town, and a huge train of heavy guns and mortars thundered upon the works without intermission. The progress of the siege, notwithstanding a vigorous defence by the besieged, was unusually rapid. As fast as the outworks were breached they were stormed; and repeated attempts on the part of Villars to raise the siege were baffled by the skilful disposition and strong ground taken by Marlborough with the covering army. At length, on the 12th September, as the countescarp was blown down, the rampart breached, and an assault of the fortress in preparation, the governor agreed to capitulate; and the garrison, still three thousand strong, marched out upon the glacis, laid down their arms, and were conducted prisoners to Tournay. The two armies then remained in their respective positions, the French under the cannon of Cambray, the Allied in the middle of their lines, resting on Bouchain; and Marlborough gave proof of the courtesy of his disposition, as well as his respect for exalted learning and piety, by planting a detachment of his troops to protect the estates of Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, and conduct the grain from thence to the dwelling of the illustrious prelate in that town, which began now to be straitened for provisions.

'PARA, OR EIGHT MONTHS ON THE BANKS OF THE AMAZON.'

We resume our survey of the entertaining manuscript thus entitled, of the variety and pleasantness of which our readers had an agreeable foretaste in our last number. We pass at once to extracts. The subjoined is one of the writer's jottings-down at the island of Marajo: "Beautiful birds were very plentiful, such as Toucans, Scarlet Ibis and Roseate Spoonbills. We shot them for amusement, ate them for nourishment, and preserved their skins as ornithological specimens. Besides these, there were many gigantic cranes constantly feeding on the campos, some of which were upward of ten feet in height. One day I heard the report of a gun, and soon after the voice of Mr. J—, who was calling me as lustily as he was able. I rushed out, gun in hand, to ascertain what the matter was, but was nearly convulsed with laughter when I discovered the cause. He was running with incredible velocity over the meadow, while a large crane which he had wounded was in rapid pursuit. A shot from my gun soon brought the bird to the ground, and we immediately secured him. He was a most formidable-looking fellow, and I should have been almost as willing to encounter a wild-cat in single combat as him. Their beak is sometimes more than a foot in length, and they use it with wonderful dexterity and power." Our correspondent is a much better sportsman with his gun than with his fishing-rod. Out of his own mouth let us make our assertion good: "On one occasion I went out with a friend, in order to procure a few delicate little fishes for supper. After walking several miles through groves and brooks, and over the campos, we at

length arrived at the desired spot. Here flowed a charming rivulet; and having baited our hooks, and made all other necessary arrangements, we sat down on the bank, under the shade of some spreading trees, and commenced operations. Little did I imagine the sequel of all my extensive preparations! Just consider for a moment that I was in a delightful situation, in a southern forest; that the atmosphere was balmy and sweet, and everything conducive to quiet and repose; and you will not be much surprised to learn that I involuntarily fell asleep! From this state of inactivity I was suddenly awakened by sliding off the bank into the water. What a damper upon farther operations! Being excessively afraid of alligators, I jumped out of the stream as soon as possible, and shortly went home, comforting myself with the assurance that although I had caught no fish yet I had caught a most decided ducking. This would never do on the banks of the Mongaup and Callicoon. Here is a crowded sketch in the 'animated nature' way. The writer is rowing slowly up a stream near Juncal, in a little montaria, loaded down with various 'game' to the water's edge: 'Now and then we would shoot a brilliant bird, that lucklessly chanced to fly a perch before us, and sometimes send our shot against the mailed tyrants of the stream. As we were gliding by we heard a considerable noise in the bushes, and looking in the direction from whence it proceeded, we perceived a large tapir running along the bank, as expeditiously as he was able. We both fired at him, but although we evidently gave him the entire contents of our guns, yet it was without any visible effect. He was an animal of the size of a small cow, quite corpulent in appearance, and having a long nose, somewhat resembling the trunk of an elephant. We also saw many monkeys among the branches, who yelled terribly at us, appearing to be irritated at our invasion of their premises. A flock of parrots would occasionally salute us with their discordant notes, and sometimes a diminutive and glittering humming-bird, like a sprite from fairy-land, would gleam for a moment before us, then vanish forever.' 'Bright-winged birds of every hue continually flitted before us as we swept along the flowing tide; and anon a troop of monkeys would be seen, playing among the branches of the brook-side forest. Occasionally we would level our gun at some of them, who stopping suddenly in their sports and looking directly at us, as if fully aware of our intentions, would break out into the most piteous cries. Under these circumstances we were not able to shoot, but invariably turned our gun aside and let them gambol on. He who can listen unmoved at the call of mercy, even from the mouth of a dumb animal, deserves not pity himself. There is a very fine live specimen of the *Tapir* in Messrs. Raymond and Waring's menagerie; and it is justly deemed a great curiosity. Here is another snake-story: 'The greatest curiosity to us was a boa-constrictor, in a strong box, which Mr. C—— had presented to us. It was under the charge of the captain, who occasionally gave it a chicken or duck to masticate. On the passage back to the United States this snake forced himself out of the box in which he was confined, and went no one knew whither. Some supposed he had gone overboard; others that he had concealed himself in the hold of the vessel. This last proved to be the case: for while the vessel was being discharged of her cargo, the boa was found perfectly stiff among the goods, and as we supposed, dead. We put him however in a tub of warm water, and to our infinite surprise and joy, he shortly recovered his former life and activity.' What pleasant thoughts the passengers on board that vessel must have had at night, when they reflected upon the probability of a visit from his snakeship before morning! But here is a longer story of a still longer serpent: 'Having proceeded up the stream almost as far as possible, and being about to change my course, I perceived something tumbling and rolling in the water but a short distance in front of the boat. Gazing at it intently, I soon discovered that it was a large amphibious snake, not less than twenty feet in length. I immediately levelled my gun at him and fired, when he at once floated ashore, apparently without sense or motion. Being little anxious to meddle with his snakeship until fully convinced that life was extinct, I proceeded to give him the contents of my remaining barrel. Upon the receipt of this, to my great astonishment, he suddenly recovered animation, and swam quickly to the opposite side. But he appeared to be considerably 'sick,' and opening his mouth to its fullest extent, out came a Muscovy duck, of the largest size, which evidently had but recently been swallowed! While in the act of ejecting this bird, I stationed myself within a few feet, directly before him, prepared to fire down his throat the moment an opportunity was offered by the exit of the duck. To my exceeding chagrin, however, the cap exploded without igniting the powder. Indulgent reader, the writer possesses a vast deal of patience, but at that critical moment it was overcome, and he was wonderfully provoked, both with his gun, the snake and himself. Being now relieved, the boa plunged into the water and appeared to be entering a hole in the bed of the stream. The extremity of his tail alone remained above the surface. Fearing lest he might escape, in my desperation I seized hold of this dishonorable part of his person and gave it a powerful pull. In a moment, to my great consternation, the head of the snake emerged from the water, thus proving that he had merely been lying on the bottom in the mud. A third and last discharge from my gun broke his neck, and he floated again ashore, as I then conjectured, to die. But in this supposition I was altogether mistaken. More than an hour had elapsed, and still the snake was alive and evidently gaining strength. I had not a single serviceable cap left, and was consequently unable to molest him more. At length he slowly began to ascend the bank, and finally vanished among the bushes.'

A melancholy instance of somnambulism occurred in the house in which our correspondent was living at Para, of which he gives the following account: 'I was residing in one of the loftiest houses in Para, and tenanted, in company with a young man of about my own age, a room on the fourth floor. The apartment was small, and had but one window, which, unprotected by a balcony, looked out upon the street. My companion was a noble although mysterious young man, and singularly given to a habit of rising and walking in his sleep. Hardly a night passed that I was not awakened by his perambulations through the room. He would sometimes take down his guitar and play a plaintive air; at other times he would unbolt the door and visit different parts of the house, without meeting with any accident. I finally became so accustomed to his singular habits that I lost all apprehension of danger arising from them. Once, however, about midnight, while lying in my hammock in a state of half-unconsciousness, with but a dreamy appreciation of material objects, I perceived my friend arise, walk to the window, deliberately open it and jump out! The horror of the scene aroused me to a perception of its reality. I looked at his hammock; it was vacant. I then tried the door; alas! it was locked. Rendered desperate by terror, I endeavored to believe that all I had seen was but a dream. I could not acknowledge its truth. In my frantic state of mind I rushed to another room, where some men of the household were sleeping, and having awakened them, asked them, hardly knowing what I said, if they had seen my companion. They conjectured immediately from my agitated appearance that all was not right, and inquired what was the matter. I told them in a few words that my room-mate had probably jumped out of the window. Startled by the intelli-

gence, they hastily arose, and having procured a lantern, we went down into the street; and there, on the pavement directly under the fatal window, lay the mangled and lifeless corpse of poor F——.' Our entertaining traveller has much to say of the Brazilian women in general; and judging from his description, we should certainly infer them to be rather a free-mannered race, with certain customs that would hardly 'do' in this region. Beautiful young ladies, in the light dress of our 'first mother,' would hardly go in bathing with single gentlemen in any of the New-England rivers: but it seems they do so without comment in the Para and the Amazon, and other things scarcely less noteworthy. Speaking of the ladies, by-the-by, we may as well quote in this place the love-and-matrimony story of an excellent but rather romantic young American planter, from the island of Madeira, whom our correspondent encountered at Maguary: 'About a year previous he left the United States for Spain, with a single companion of his own age, who was also a planter. Having spent some nine months in rambling over the mountains and plains of that interesting country, they became satiated with its various attractions, and finally started in a heavily-laden vessel to return to their native land. On the passage, which was an unusually tempestuous one, the vessel sprung a leak, and was soon reduced to a sinking condition. A great proportion of the cargo was thrown overboard, and the vessel piloted into the nearest port, which chanced to be that of the enchanting island of Madeira. So delighted were our adventurers with the charms of this island, and so grateful for their recent escape from the perils of the sea, that they resolved to take up their residence in Madeira for a few weeks, before again trusting to the vicissitudes and dangers of the deep. In three days our hero was head-and-ears in love with one of the island beauties. She was a young girl of Portuguese extraction, not more than sixteen or seventeen years of age, and of exceedingly prepossessing appearance. Her parents were wealth, and of the first rank and respectability. She however could not speak a word of English, and our adventurer was wholly unacquainted with her native tongue. This was at first somewhat discouraging to the latter; but he was at length entirely relieved from his doubts and apprehensions by discovering that the brother of his intended was able to converse equally well in both languages. To him he procured an introduction, and made known his tender feelings concerning his sister; desiring at the same time that he might be permitted to offer his addresses to her. This was assented to, and a courtship was commenced which was carried on by means of the brother, until in the course of three or four weeks it resulted in the complete discomfiture of the pretty Senhora, who yielded up her captive heart to her victor, and promised to marry him; upon condition, however, that he would abandon Protestantism and become a believer in the Roman Catholic faith. These were certainly hard terms; but what could he do? Desiring to see Brazil before his return home, he took passage on board of a vessel bound for Para. His brother-in-law accompanied him, and I suppose made himself exceedingly useful as a medium of communication, or mental telegraph, between the newly-married pair during the blissful hours of their honeymoon.'—*Knickerbocker*.

PRUSSIAN MILITARY MEMOIRS.

(Concluded).

The truce which, during the summer of 1813, afforded a brief repose to the contending armies, was over, and the cause of the Allies strengthened by the accession of Austria. Hostilities recommenced; and on the 27th August we find our young lieutenant again distinguishing himself, at the head of his sharpshooters, in the gardens of Dresden. Several wet days, bad quarters, and short commons, had pulled down the strength and lowered the spirits of the Allied troops. Exhausted and discouraged, they showed little appetite for the bloody banquet to which they were invited. Suddenly a hurra, but no very joyous one, ran through the ranks. The soldiers had been ordered to utter it, in honour of the Emperor Alexander and King of Prussia, who now, with their numerous and brilliant staff, rode along the whole line of battle, doubtless with the intention of raising the sunken spirits of the men. Close in front of the baron's battalion the two monarchs halted; and there it was that General Moreau was mortally wounded, at Alexander's side, by a French cannon-shot. The following details of his death are from the work of a well-known Russian military author General Michailofski-Danielefski:—'Moreau was close to the Emperor Alexander, who stood beside an Austrian battery, against which the French kept up a heavy fire. He requested the Russian sovereign to accompany him to another eminence, whence a better view of the battle-field was obtainable. 'Let your majesty trust to my experience,' said Moreau, and turning his horse, he rode on, the emperor following. They had proceeded but a few paces, when a cannon-ball smashed General Moreau's right foot, passed completely through his horse, tore away his left calf, and injured the knee. All present hurried to assist the wounded man. His first words, on recovering consciousness, were—'I am dying; but how sweet it is to die for the right cause, and under the eyes of so great a monarch!' A litter was formed of Cossack lances; Moreau was laid upon it, wrapped in his cloak, and carried to Koitz, the nearest village. There he underwent, with the courage and firmness of a veteran soldier, the amputation of both legs. The last bandage was being fastened, when two round-shot struck the house, and knocked down a corner of the very room in which he lay. He was conveyed to Laun, in Bohemia, and there died, on the 2d of September. Such was the end of the hero of Hohenlinden.'

General Michailofski, it must be observed, has been accused by Sporschil of stretching the truth a little, when by so doing he could pay a compliment to his deceased master. The adulatory words which he puts into Moreau's mouth, may therefore never have been uttered by that unfortunate officer. Some little inaccuracies in the account above quoted are corrected by Captain Von Rahden. Moreau's litter was composed of muskets, and not of lances; he was taken to Racknitz, and not to Koitz; and so forth. Upon the 2d of September, Von Rahden and eighteen other Prussian officers, stood beside the bed whereon Moreau had just expired, and divided amongst them a black silk waistcoat that had been worn by the deceased warrior. 'I still treasure up my shred of silk,' says the baron, 'as a soldierly relic, and as I should a tatter of a banner that had long waved honourably aloft, and at last tragically fallen. In these days few care about such memorials, and a railway share is deemed more valuable. Practically true; but horribly unpoeitical!'

In 1813, one battle followed hard upon the heels of the other. It was a war of giants, and small breathing-time was given. The echoes of the fight had scarcely died away at Dresden, when they were reawakened in the fertile vale of Toepnitz. The action of Kulm was a glorious one for the Allies. On the first day, the 29th of August, the Russians, under Ostermann Tolstoy, reaped the largest share of laurels; on the 30th, Kleist and the Prussians nobly distinguished themselves. The latter, after burning their baggage, made a forced march over the mountains, and fell upon the enemy's rear on the after-

noon of the second day's engagement. Here Von Rahden was again opposed to his old and gallant acquaintances the French marines, who, refusing to retreat, were completely exterminated. The action over, his battalion took up a position near Arbesau, with their front towards Kulm. On the opposite side of the road a Hungarian regiment was drawn up.

"The sun had set, and distant objects grew indistinct in the twilight, when we suddenly saw large masses of troops approach us. These were the French prisoners, numbering, it was said, eight or ten thousand. First came General Vandamme, on horseback, his head bound round with a white cloth: a Cossack's lance had grazed his forehead. Close behind him were several generals, (Haxo and Guyot;) and then, at a short interval, came twenty or thirty colonels and staff-officers. On the right of these marched an old iron grey colonel, with two heavy silver epaulets projecting forwards from under his light-blue great-coat, the cross of the Legion of Honour on his breast, a huge chain with a bunch of gold seals and keys dangling from his fob. He had been captured by very forbearing foes, and he strode proudly and confidently along. He was about ten paces from the head of our battalion, which was drawn up in columns of sections, when suddenly three or four of our Hungarian neighbours leaped the ditch, and one of them, with the speed of light, snatched watch and seals from the French colonel's pocket. Captain Von Korth, who commanded our No. 1 company, observing this, sprang forward, knocked the blue-breathed Hungarians right and left, took the watch from them, and restored it to its owner. The latter, with the ease of a thorough Frenchman, offered it, with a few obliging words, to Captain Von Korth, who refused it by a decided gesture, and hastened back to his company. All this occurred whilst the French prisoners marched slowly by, and the captain had not passed the battalion more than ten or fifteen paces, when he turned about, and with the cry of "*Vive le brave capitaine Prussien!*" threw chain and seals into the middle of our company. The watch he had detached and put in his pocket. Von Korth offered ten and even fifteen *louis d'ors* for the trinkets, but could never discover who had got them; whoever it was, he perhaps feared to be compelled to restore them without indemnification."

"The Emperor Alexander received Vandamme, when that general was brought before him as prisoner, with great coolness, but nevertheless promised to render his captivity as light as possible. Notwithstanding that assurance, Vandamme was sent to Siberia. On his way thither, the proud and unfeeling man encountered many a hard word and cruel taunt, the which I do not mean to justify, although he had richly earned them by his numerous acts of injustice and oppression. In the spring of 1807, he had had his headquarters in the pretty little town of Frankenstein in Silesia, and, amongst various other extortions, had compelled the authorities to supply him with whole sackfuls of the delicious red filberts which grow in that neighbourhood. When, upon his way to the frozen steppes, he chanced to halt for a night in this same town of Frankenstein, the magistrates sent him a huge sack of his favourite nuts, with a most submissive message, to the effect that they well remembered his Excellency's partiality to filberts, and that they begged leave to offer him a supply, in hopes that the cracking of them might beguile the time, and occupy his leisure in Siberia."

At Kulm the captain of Von Rahden's company was slain. He had ridden up to a French column, taking it, as was supposed, for a Russian one, and was killed by three of the enemy's officers before he found out his mistake. Each wound was mortal; one of his assailants shot him in the breast, another drove his sword through his body, and the third nearly severed his head from his shoulders with a sabre-cut. The day after the battle, before sunrise, Von Rahden awakened a non-commissioned officer and three men, and went to seek and bury the corpse. It was already stripped of every thing but the shirt and uniform coat; they dug a shallow grave under a pear-tree, and interred it. The mournful task was just completed when a peasant came by. Von Rahden called him, showed him the captain's grave, and asked if he might rely upon its not being ploughed up. "*Herr Preusse,*" was the answer, "*I promise you that it shall not; for the ground is mine, and beneath this tree your captain shall rest undisturbed.*" The promise was faithfully kept. In August 1845, the baron revisited the spot. The tree still stood, and the soldier's humble grave had been respected.

Whilst wandering over the field of battle, followed by Zanker, his sergeant, Von Rahden heard a suppressed moaning, and found amongst the brushwood, close to the bank of a little rivulet, a sorely wounded French soldier. The unfortunate fellow had been hit in three or four places. One ball had entered behind his eyes, which projected, bloody and swollen, from their sockets, another had shattered his right hand, and a third had broken the bones of the leg. He could neither see, nor move, nor die; he lay in the broad glare of the sun, parched with thirst, listening to the ripple of the stream, which he was unable to reach. In heart-rending tones he implored a drink of water. Six-and-thirty hours had he lain there, he said, suffering agonies from heat, and thirst, and wounds. "In an instant Zanker threw down his knapsack, filled his canteen, and handed it to the unhappy Frenchman, who drank as if he would never leave off. When at last satisfied, he said very calmly, 'Stop, friend! one more favour; blow my brains out!' I looked at Zanker, and made a sign with my hand, as much as to say, 'Is your gun loaded?' Zanker drew his ramrod, ran it into the barrel quite noiselessly, so that the wounded man might not hear, and nodded his head affirmatively. Without a word, I pointed to a thicket about twenty paces off, giving him to understand that he was not to fire till I had reached it, and, hurrying away, I left him alone with the Frenchman. Ten minutes passed without a report, and then, on turning a corner of the wood, I came face to face with Zanker. 'I can't do it, lieutenant,' said he. 'Thrice I levelled my rifle, but could not pull the trigger.' He had left the poor French sergeant-major—such four gold chevrons on his coat-sleeve denoted him to be—a canteen full of water, had arranged a few boughs above his head to shield him from the sun, and as soon as we reached the camp, he hastened to the field hospital to point out the spot where the wounded man lay, and procure surgical assistance."

The battle of Kulm was lost by the French through the negligence of Vandamme, who omitted to occupy the defiles in his rear—an extraordinary blunder, for which a far younger soldier might well be blamed. The triumph was complete, and, in conjunction with those at the Katzbach and Gross-Bereen, greatly raised the spirits of the Allies. At Kulm, the French fought, as usual, most gallantly, but for once they were outmanœuvred. A brilliant exploit of three or four hundred chasseurs, belonging to Corbinea's light cavalry division, is worthy of mention. Sabre in hand, they cut their way completely through Kleist's corps, and did immense injury to the Allies, especially to the artillery. Of themselves, few, if any, escaped alive. "Not only," says Baron Von Rahden, "did they ride down several battalions at the lower end of the defile, and cut to pieces and scatter to the winds the staff and escort of the general, which were halted upon the road, but they totally annihilated our

artillery for the time, inasmuch as they threw the guns into the ditches, and killed nearly all the men and horses. By this example one sees what resolute men on horseback, with good swords in their hands, and bold hearts in their bosoms, are able to accomplish." In a letter of Prince Augustus of Prussia, we find that "the artillery suffered so great a loss at Kulm, that there are still (this was written in the middle of September, fifteen days after the action) eighteen officers, eighty non-commissioned officers, one hundred and twenty-six bombardiers, seven hundred and eighteen gunners, beside bandmen and surgeons, wanting to complete the strength." In both days' fight the present King of the Belgians greatly distinguished himself. He was then in the Russian service, and, on the 29th, fought bravely at the head of his cavalry division. On the 30th, the Emperor Alexander sent him to bring up the Austrian cavalry reserves, and the judgment with which he performed this duty was productive of the happiest results.

The Russian guards fought nobly at Kulm, and held the valley of Toeplitz one whole day against four times their numbers. To reward their valour, the King of Prussia gave them the Kulm Cross, as it was called, which was composed of black shining leather with a framework of silver. The Prussians were greatly annoyed at its close resemblance to the first and best class of the Iron Cross, which order had been instituted a few months previously, and was sparingly bestowed, for instances of extraordinary personal daring, upon those only who fought under Prussian colours. It was of iron with a silver setting, and could scarcely be distinguished from the Kulm cross. "Many thousands of us Prussians," says the Baron, "fought for years, poured out our blood, and threw away our lives, in vain strivings after a distinction which the Muscovite earned in a few hours. For who would notice whether it was leather or iron? The colour and form were the same, and only the initiated knew the difference, which was but nominal. In the severe winter of 1829-30, when travelling in a Russian sledge and through a thorough Russian snow-storm, along the shores of the Peipus lake, I passed a company of soldiers wrapped in their grey coats. On the right of the company were ten or twelve Knights of the Iron Cross, as it appeared to me, and of the first class of that order. This astonished me so much the more, that in Prussia it was an unheard-of thing for more than one or two private soldiers in a regiment to achieve this high distinction. I started up, and rubbed my eyes, and thought I dreamed. At Dorpat I was informed that several hundred men from the Semenofskoi regiment of guards, (the heroes of Kulm,) had been drafted into the provincial militia as a punishment for having shared in a revolt at St Petersburg."

On the 14th of October occurred the battle of cavalry in the plains between Guldengossa, Grobern, and Liebertwolkwitz, where the Allied horse, fifteen thousand strong, encountered ten to twelve thousand French dragoons, led by the King of Naples, who once, during that day, nearly fell into the hands of his foes. The incident is narrated by Von Schoning in his history of the third Prussian regiment of dragoons, then known as the Neumark dragoons. "It was about two hours after daybreak; the regiment had made several successful charges, and at last obtained a moment's breathing-time. The dust had somewhat subsided; the French cavalry stood motionless, only their general, followed by his staff, rode, encouraging the men, as it seemed, along the foremost line, just opposite to the Neumark dragoons. Suddenly a young lieutenant, Guido von Lippe by name, who thought he recognised Murat in the enemy's leader, galloped up to the colonel. 'I must and will take him!' cried he; and, without waiting for a Yes or a No, dashed forward at the top of his horse's speed, followed by a few dragoons who had been detached from the ranks as skirmishers. At the same time the colonel ordered the charge to be sounded. A most brilliant charge it was, but nothing more was seen of Von Lippe and his companions. Two days afterwards, his corpse was found by his servant, who recognised it amongst a heap of dead by the scars of the yet scarcely healed wounds received at Lutzen. A sabre-cut and a thrust through the body had destroyed life." An interesting confirmation of this story may be read in Von Odeleben's "*Campaign of Napoleon in Saxony in the year 1813,*" p. 328.

"He (Murat) accompanied by a very small retinue, so greatly exposed himself that at last one of the enemy's squadrons, recognising him by his striking dress, and by the staff that surrounded him, regularly gave him chase. One officer in particular made a furious dash at the king, who, by the sudden facing about of his escort, found himself the last man, a little in the rear, and with only one horseman by his side. In the dazzling anticipation of a royal prisoner, the eager pursuer called to him several times, 'Halt, King, halt!' At that moment a crown was at stake. The officer had already received a sabre-cut from Murat's solitary attendant, and as he did not regard it, but still pressed forward, the latter ran him through the body. He fell dead from his saddle, and the next day his horse was mounted by the king's faithful defender, from whose lips I received these details. Their truth has been confirmed to me from other sources. Murat made his rescuer his equerry, and promised him a pension. The Emperor gave him the cross of the legion of honour."

The second Silesian regiment suffered terribly at the great battle of Leipzig. Von Rahden's battalion, in particular, was reduced at the close of the last day's fight to one hundred and twenty effective men, commanded by a lieutenant, the only unwounded officer. Kleist's division, of which it formed part, had sustained severe losses in every action since the truce, and after Leipzig it was found to have melted down to one-third of its original strength. Disease also broke out in its ranks. To check this, to recruit the numbers, and repose the men, the division was sent into quarters. Von Rahden's regiment went to the duchy of Meiningen, and his battalion was quartered in the town of that name. The friendly and hospitable reception here given to the victors of Kulm and Leipzig was well calculated to make them forget past hardships and sufferings. The widowed Duchess of Meiningen gave frequent balls and entertainments, to which officers of all grades found ready admittance. The reigning duke was then a boy; his two sisters, charming young women, were most gracious and condescending. In those warlike days, the laurel-wreath was as good a crown as any other, and raised even the humble subaltern to the society of princes.

"It chanced one evening," says the Baron, "that our major, Count Reichenbach, stood up to dance a quadrille with the Princess Adelaide of Meiningen. His toilet was not well suited to the ball-room; his boots were heavy, the floor was slippery, and he several times tripped. At last he fairly fell, dragging his partner with him. His right arm was in a sling, and useless from wounds received at Lutzen, and some short time elapsed before the princess was raised from her recumbent position by the ladies and gentlemen of the court, and conducted into an adjoining apartment. With rueful countenance, and twisting his red mustache from vexation, Count Reichenbach tried to lose himself in the crowd, and to escape the annoyance of being stared at and pointed out as the man who had thrown down the beautiful young princess. It was easy to see that he would rather have stormed a dozen hostile batteries than have made so unlucky a *debut* in the royal ball-room. In a short quarter of an hour, however, when the fuss caused by the accident had nearly subsided, the princess

reappeared, looking more charming than ever, and sought about until she discovered poor Count Reichenbach, who had got into a corner near the stove. With the most captivating grace, she invited him to return to the dance, saying, loud enough for all around to hear, "that she honoured a brave Prussian soldier whose breast was adorned with the Iron Cross, and whose badly-wound arm had not prevented his fighting the fight of liberation at Leipzig, and that with all her heart she would begin the dance again with him." The Count's triumph was complete; the court prudes and parasites, who a moment before had looked down upon him from the height of their compassion, now rivalled each other in amiability. With a well-pleased smile the Count stroked his great beard, led the princess to the quadrille, and danced it in first-rate style." The reader will have recognised our excellent Queen Dowager in the heroine of the charming trait which an old soldier thus bluntly narrates. The kind heart and patriotic spirit of the German Princess were good presage of the benevolence and many virtues of the English Queen. "When, in May 1836," continues Captain Von Rahden, "I was presented, as captain in the Dutch service, to the Princess Adelaide, then Queen of England, at St James's Palace, her majesty perfectly remembered the incident I have here narrated to my readers. To her inquiries after Count Reichenbach, I unfortunately had to reply that he was long since dead."

In January 1814, the Baron's regiment left Meiningen, crossed the Rhine, joined the great Silesian army under Blücher, and began the campaign in France. The actions of Montmirail, Mery sur Seine, La Ferte sous Jouarre, and various other encounters, followed in rapid succession. Hard knocks for the Allies, many of them. But all Napoleon's brilliant generalship was in vain; equally in vain did his young troops emulate the deeds of those iron veterans whose bones lay bleaching on the Beresina's banks, and in the passes of the Sierra Morena. The month of February was passed in constant fighting, and was perhaps the most interesting period of the campaigns of 1813-14. On the 13th the Prussian advance guard, Ziethen's division, was attacked by superior numbers and completely beaten at Montmirail. Von Rahden's battalion was one of those which had to cover the retreat of the routed troops, and check the advance of the exulting enemy. Retiring slowly and in good order, the rearmost of the whole army, it reached the village of Etoges, when it was assailed by a prodigious mass of French cavalry. But the horsemen could make no impression on the steady ranks of Count Reichenbach's infantry.

"Here the hostile dragoons, formed in columns of squadrons and regiments charged us at least twelve or fifteen times, always without success. Each time Count Reichenbach let them approach to within fifty or sixty paces, then ordered a halt, formed a square, and opened a heavy and well sustained fire, which quickly drove back the enemy. As soon as they retired, I and my skirmishers sprang forward, and peppered them until they again came to the charge, when we hurried back to the battalion. Count Reichenbach himself never entered the square, but during the charges took his station on the left flank, which could not fire, because it faced the road along which our artillery marched. Our gallant commander gave his orders with the same calm coolness and precision as on the parade ground. His voice and our volleys were the only sounds heard, and truly that was one of the most glorious afternoons of Count Reichenbach's life. Our western neighbors love to celebrate the deeds of their warriors by paint brush and graver: our heroes are forgotten, but for the occasional written reminiscences of some old old soldier, witness of their valiant deeds. And truly, if Horace Vernet has handed Colonel Changarnier down to posterity for standing *inside* his square whilst it received the furious but disorderly charge of semi-barbarous horse, he might, methinks, and every soldier and true Prussian will share in my opinion, find a far worthier subject for his pencil in Count Reichenbach, awaiting *outside* his square the formidable attacks of six thousand French cavalymen.

"It became quite dark, and the enemy ceased to charge. Pity it was! for such was the steadiness and discipline of our men, that the defence went on like some well regulated machine, and might have continued for hours longer, or till our last cartridge was burnt. The count seemed unusually well pleased. Twirling his mustache with a satisfied chuckle, he offered several officers and soldiers a dram from a little flask which he habitually carried in his holster, and turned to me with the words, 'Well done, my dear Rahden, bravo!' On hearing this praise, short and simple as it was, I could have embraced my noble commander for joy, and with feelings in my heart which only such men as Reichenbach know how to awaken, I resumed my place on the right of the battalion, which now marched away.

Gradually the Allies approached Paris. On the 28th March, at the village of Claye, only five leagues from the capital, Kleist's division came to blows with the French troops under Gen. Compaen, who had marched out to meet them. As usual, Von Rahden was with the skirmishers, as was also another lieutenant of his battalion, a Pole of gigantic frame and extraordinary strength, who here met his death. He was pushing forward at the head of his men, when a four pound shot struck him in the breast. It went through his body, passing very near his heart, but, strange to say, without causing instant death. For most men, half an ounce of lead in the breast is an instant quietus; but so prodigious was the strength and vitality of this Pole, that he lingered, the baron assures us, full six and thirty hours.

"We now followed up the French infantry, which hastily retreated to a farm yard surrounded by lofty linden and chestnut trees, and situated on a small vine-covered hill. When half way up the hill, we saw, upon the open space beneath the trees, several companies of the enemy in full parade uniform, with bearskin caps, large red epaulets upon their shoulders, and white breeches, form themselves into a sort of phalanx, which only replied to our fire by single shots. Presently even these ceased. Schelha and myself immediately ordered our men to leave off firing; and Schelha, who spoke French very intelligibly, advanced to within thirty paces and summoned them to lay down their arms, supposing that they intended to yield themselves prisoners. They made no reply but stood firm as a wall. Schelha repeated his summons: a shot was fired at him. This served as a signal to our impatient followers, who opened a murderous fire upon the dense mass before them. We tried a third time to get the brave Frenchmen to yield; others of our battalions had come up, and they were completely cut off; but the sole reply we received was a sort of negative murmur, and some of them even threatened us with their muskets. Within ten minutes they all lay dead or wounded upon the ground; for our men were deaf alike to commands and entreaties, and to the voice of mercy. Most painful was it to us officers to look on at such a butchery, impotent to prevent it." It afterwards appeared that these French grenadiers, who belonged to the *Jeune Garde*, had left Paris that morning. By some mismanagement their stock of ammunition was insufficient, and having expended it, they preferred death, with arms in their hands, to captivity.

At eight o'clock on the thirtieth, Kleist's and York's corps, now united, passed the Ourcq canal, and marched along the Pantin road towards Paris. Upon that

morning they saw old Blücher for the first time for more than a month. He seemed on the brink of the grave, and wore a woman's bonnet of green silk to protect his eyes, which were dangerously inflamed. He was on horseback, but was soon obliged to return to his travelling carriage in rear of the army, and to give up the command to Barclay de Tolly. "Luckily," says the baron, "the troops knew nothing of the substitution." Although it would probably hardly have mattered much, for there was little more work to do. For that year this was the last day's fight. After some flank movements which took up several hours, the Allied army attacked the village of La Villette, but were repulsed by the artillery from the adjacent barrier. The brigade batteries loitered in the rear, and Prince Augustus, vexed at their absence, sent an aid-de-camp to bring them up. One of them was commanded by Lt. Holsche, Von Rahden's former instructor at the artillery school, of whom we have already related an anecdote. Although an undoubtedly brave and circumspect officer, on this occasion he remained too far behind the infantry: and Captain Decker, [the noted military writer, Carl Von Decker; since General,] who was despatched to fetch him, was not sorry to be the medium of conveying the Prince's sharp message, the less so as he had observed a certain nonchalance and want of deference in the artillery lieutenant's manner of receiving the orders of his superiors. At a later period, Baron Von Rahden heard from Decker himself the following characteristic account of his reception by the gallant but eccentric Holsche.

"I came up to the battery," said Decker, "at full gallop. The men were dismounted, and their officer stood chatting with his comrades beside a newly-made fire. 'Lieutenant Holsche,' said I, rather sharply, 'his Royal Highness is exceedingly astonished that you remain idle here, and has directed me to command you instantly to advance your battery against the enemy.'"

"Indeed," was Holsche's quiet reply, his Royal Highness is astonished! and then, turning to his men with the same calmness of tone and manner, 'Stand to your horses! Mount! Battery march!'

"I thought the pace commanded was not quick enough, and in the same loud and imperious voice as before, I observed to Lt. Holsche that he would not be up in time; he had better move faster. 'Indeed! not quick enough!' quietly answered Holsche, and gave the word, 'March, march!' We now soon got over the ground and within the enemy's fire, and, considering my duty at an end, I pointed out to the Lt. the direction he should take, and whereabouts he should place his battery. But Holsche begged me in the most friendly manner to go and show him exactly where he should halt. I naturally enough complied with his request. The nearer we got to the French the faster became the pace, until at last we were in front of our most advanced battalions. The bullets whizzed about us on all sides; I once more made a move to turn back, and told Holsche he might stop where he was. With the same careless air as before, he repeated his request that I would remain, in order to be able to tell his Royal Highness where Lt. Holsche and his battery had halted! What could I do? It was anything but pleasant to share so great a danger, without either necessity or profit; and certainly I might very well have turned back, but Holsche, by whose side I galloped, fixed his large dark eyes upon my countenance, as though he would have read my very soul. We were close to our own skirmishers; on we went, right through them, into the middle of the enemy's riflemen, who, quite surprised at being charged by a battery, retired in all haste. It really seemed as if the artillery was going over to the enemy. At two hundred paces from the French columns, however, Holsche halted, unlimbered, and gave two discharges from the whole battery, with such beautiful precision and astounding effect, that he sent the hostile squadrons and battalions to the right about, and even silenced some of the heavy guns within the barriers. That done, he returned to me, and begged me to inform the Prince where I had left Lt. Holsche and his battery. 'Perhaps,' added he, 'his Royal Highness will again find occasion to be astonished; and I shall be very glad of it.' And truly the Prince and all of us were astonished at this gallant exploit; it had been achieved in sight of the whole army, and had produced a glorious and most desirable result."

For this feat Holsche was rewarded with the Iron Cross of the first class. He had already at Leipzig gained that of the second, and on receiving it his ambition immediately aspired to the higher decoration. Many a time had he been heard to vow, that if he obtained it, he would have a cross as large as his hand manufactured by the farrier of his battery, and wear it upon his breast. To this he pledged his word. The manner in which he kept it is thus related by his old friend and pupil.

"We were on our march from Paris to Amiens, when we were informed, one beautiful morning, that our brigade battery, under Lt. Holsche, was in cantonments in the next village. The music at our head, we marched through the place in parade time, and paid Holsche military honors and ex commandant of the Straw-bonnet, which title he still retained. Intimate acquaintance and sincere respect might well excuse this little deviation from the regulations of the service. Our hautboys blew a favorite march, to which Holsche himself had once in Glatz written words, beginning:—

'Natz, Natz, Annemarie,
Da kommt die Glatzer Infanterie.'

In his blue military frock, with forage cap and sword, Holsche stood upon a small raised patch of turf in front of his quarters, gravely saluting in acknowledgment of the honors paid him, which he received with as proud a bearing as if he was legitimately entitled to them. This did not surprise us, knowing him as we did, but not a little were we astonished when we saw an Iron Cross of the first class, as large as a plate fastened upon his left breast. The orders for the battle of Paris and the other recent fights in France had just been distributed; Holsche was among the decorated, and the jovial artilleryman took this opportunity to fulfil his oft repeated vow. Only a few hours before our arrival he had the cross manufactured by his farrier."

This dashing, but wrong-headed officer, soon afterwards became a captain, and subsequently major, but his extravagances, and especially his addiction to wine, got him into frequent trouble, until at last he was put upon the retired list as lieutenant colonel, and died at Schweidnitz in Silesia.

At six in the evening on the 30th March, the last fight of the campaign was over, and aides-de-camp galloped hither and thither, announcing the capitulation of Paris. Right pleasant were such sounds to the ears of the war-worn soldiers. Infantry grounded their arms, dragoons dismounted, artillerymen leaned idly against their pieces; Langeron alone, who had begun the storm of Montmartre, would not desist from his undertaking. Officers rode after him, waving their white handkerchiefs as a signal to cease firing, but without effect. The Russians stormed on; and if Langeron attained his end with comparatively small loss, the enemy being already in retreat, there were nevertheless four or five hundred men sacrificed to his ambition, and that he might have it to say that he and his Russians carried Montmartre by storm. Whilst the rest of the troops waited until he had attained his end, and congratulated each other on the

termination of the hardships and privations of the preceding three months, a Russian bomb-carriage took fire, the drivers left it, and its six powerful horses, scorched and terrified by the explosion of the projectiles, ran madly about the field, dragging at their heels this artificial volcano. The battalions which they approached scared them away by shouts, until the unlucky beasts knew not which way to turn. At last the shells and grenades being all burnt out, the horses stood still, and strange to say, not one of them had received the slightest injury.

Terrible was the disappointment of Kleist's and York's divisions, when they learned on the morning subsequent to the capitulation that they were not to enter Paris; but, after four and twenty hours' repose in the faubourg Montmartre, where they had passed the preceding night, were to march from the capital into country quarters. Their motley and weather-beaten aspect was the motive of this order—a heart-breaking one for the brave officers and soldiers who had borne the heat and burthen of the day during a severe and bloody campaign, and now found themselves excluded from the earthly paradise of their hopes. They had fought and suffered more than the Prussian or Russian guards; but the latter were smart and richly uniformed, whilst the poor fellows of the line had rubbed off and besmirched in many a hard encounter and rainy bivouac what little gilding they ever possessed. So long as fighting was the order of the day, they were in request; but it was now the turn of parades, and on these they would cut but a sorry figure. So "right about" was the word, and Amiens the route. "A second day's respite was allowed them however; and although they were strictly confined to their quarters, lest they should shock the sensitiveness of the Parisian bourgeoisie by their ragged breeks, long beards, and diversity of equipment, some of the officers obtained leave to go to Paris. Von Rahden was amongst these, and after a dinner at Vergy's, where his Silesian simplicity and campaigning appetite were rather astonished by the exiguity of the *plats* placed before him, whereof he managed to consume some five and twenty, after admiring the wonders of the Palace Royal, and the rich uniforms of almost every nation with which the streets were crowded, he betook himself to the Place Vendôme to gaze at the fallen conqueror's triumphant column. It was surrounded by a mob of fickle Parisians, eager to cast down from its high estate the idol they had so recently worshipped. One dare-devil fellow climbed upon the Emperor's shoulders, slung a cord around his neck, dragged up a great ship's cable and twisted it several times about the statue. The rabble seized the other end of the rope, and with cries of "*a bas ce canaille!*" tugged furiously at it. Their efforts were unavailing, Napoleon stood firm, until the Allied sovereigns from the window of an adjacent house, beheld this disgraceful riot, sent a company of Russian grenadiers to disperse the mob. The masses gave way before the bayonet, but not till the same man who had fastened the rope, again climbed up, and with a white cloth shrouded the statue of the once adored Emperor from the eyes of his faithless subjects. It is well known that, a few weeks later, the figure was taken down by order of the Emperor Alexander, who carried it away as his sole trophy, and gave it a place in the winter palace at St. Petersburg. When Louis XVIII. returned to Paris, a broad white banner, embroidered with three golden lilies, waved from the summit of the column; but this in its turn was displaced, by the strong south wind that blew from Elba in March 1815, when Napoleon re-entered his capital. A municipal deputation waited on him to know what he would please to have placed on the top of the triumphant column. "A weathercock," was the little corporal's sarcastic reply. Since that day the lilies and the tricolor have again alternated on the magnificent column, until the only thing that ought to surmount it, the statue of the most extraordinary man of modern, perhaps of any, times, has resumed its proud position, and once more overlooks the capital which he did so much to improve and embellish.

"I now wandered to the opera-house," says the baron, "to hear Spontini's *Vestale*. The enormous theatre was full to suffocation; in every box the Allied uniforms glittered, arms flashed in the bright light, police spies loitered and listened, beautiful women waved their kerchiefs and joined in the storm of applause, as if that day had been a most glorious and triumphant one for France. The consul Licinius, represented, if I remember right, by the celebrated St. Priest, was continually interrupted in his songs, and called upon for the old national melody of '*Vive Henri Quatre*,' which he gave with couplets composed for the occasion, some of which, it was said, were improvisations. In the midst of this rejoicing, a rough voice made itself heard in the upper gallery, '*A bas l'aigle imperial!*' were the words it uttered, and in an instant every eye was turned to the Emperor's box, whose purple velvet curtains were closely drawn, and to whose front a large and richly gilt eagle was affixed. The audience took up the cry and repeated again and again '*A bas l'aigle imperial!*' Presently the curtains were torn asunder, a fellow seated himself upon the cushioned parapet, twined his legs round the eagle, and knocked and hammered, till it fell with a crash to the ground. Again the royalist ditty was called for, with *ad libitum* couplets, in which the words '*ce diable a quatre*' were only too plainly perceptible; the unfortunate consul had to repeat them until he was hoarse, and so ended the great comedy performed that day by the 'Grande Nation.' Most revolting it was, and every right thinking man shuddered at such thorough Gallic indecency."

Baron Von Rahden tells the story of his life well and pleasantly, without pretensions to brilliancy and elegance of style, but with soldierly frankness and spirit. We have read this first portion of his memoirs with pleasure and interest, and may take occasion again to refer to its lively and varied contents.

TEMPTATION AND ATONEMENT.

BY MRS. GORE.—CHAPTER I.

Hartington is one of the pleasantest villages of the county of Sussex, where pleasant villages abound. No where is brighter verdure to be met with; no where a clearer or more rapid stream. The district, in a green nook of which it lies imbedded, is essentially rural. For ten miles round, nothing in the shape of a factory is in existence. No mechanic employs more than his single pair of hands, whether shoemaker, saddler, wheelwright, or carpenter.

The main cause, however, of the cheerful aspect of Hartington is a pleasant village green; having at one extremity a group of fine lime trees, whose blossoms form the sustenance of all the bees in the neighbourhood, and whose shade the refuge of the village children during the six brighter months of the year; and at the other, a duck-pond, the watering-place and rendezvous of all the carters and cowboys of the place.

On a strip of ground beyond the road skirting one portion of the green, is a saw-pit, surrounded by the usual depository of planks and timber; a happy resource for the urchins of Hartington, to form saws, or benches when weary of flinging stones at the ducks and injuring the branches of the lime trees.

Around the green are dotted the more thriving and slightly cottages of the

village; and, at the turning of the lane leading from its southernmost corner, you catch a glimpse of the wicket-gate of the churchyard: the curious old Saxon church, of sandstone, standing a trifle back from the road; its stunted tower so completely overgrown with ivy, that it might almost pass for a pollard of one of the stately chestnuts surrounding the venerable structure.

This lane, by the way, forms the chief causeway of the place. For, independent of the grand distinction which entitles it to be called Church-lane, both the blacksmith and wheelwright,—the two kings of Hartington, have their workshops therein; as may be inferred, even at a distance, from a variety of old broken wheels, deficient some in spoke and some in tyer, that lie crushing the hawthorn hedge opposite the house nearest the church; while a little farther on, the hedge is not only crushed but withered by the emanations of the adjoining forge.

In compensation for the mischief, however, the blacksmith's shop throws ever and anon a cheerful glow upon the surrounding objects, which, in winter-time, assume far from an agreeable aspect; thanks to an overflowing or rather ever-flowing ditch: the ooings of the duck-pond on the green making their way to the stream that ripples athwart the bottom of the lane,—rendering it, the greater part of the year, plashy, muddy, and hard to pass.

Still, as has been said before, the green, situated at the highest point of the village, is an unusually pleasant spot. On emerging into it from Warlingwood, some miles in depth, in the skirts of which Hartington lies nestled, the broad sunshine, enhanced by such continuous shade, often appears too bright to live in.

And then, after the stillness of the wood, where nothing louder than the song of the birds is ever audible, the village appears so wide awake! There is so much life in the laughter of the carters, the whooping of the cowboys, the clang of the anvil, the mallet of the wheelwright, the grinding of the sawyer; the

Village children just let loose from school,

The noisy geese that gabble in the pool.

The very dunghill-cock that struts and crows before the door of the little public-house of the Black Lion, makes more noise in a day than any three of his species elsewhere in the county.

From all this it will be inferred that Hartington is a thriving spot. It was so, at least. Thirty years ago, it might be cited as exceedingly prosperous. The larger half of the village belonged to Sir Clement Colston, who resided at an old-fashioned manor-house about a mile distant; and the old baronet being a kind-hearted and careless landlord, letting people and things about him go their own way and do as their fathers had done before them, if he did not interfere to repair their houses or amend their system of morals or education, at least he neither raised their rent nor depressed their spirits.

The consequence was that they flourished. All that they did, whether as husbandmen or artisans, was done in the clumsiest and most slovenly way. But it answered. The system worked well. The unpruned branches bore fruit in due season. Extreme poverty was as unknown at Hartington as extreme comfort. The venerable father of Sir Clement might have protruded his well-wigged head from the huge slate stone under which he reposed in peace in the parish church, without finding so much as a new hovel on his property; but he might have laid it down again after his survey, satisfied that his tenants were not a jot worse off than when he bequeathed them to his son. Far more than can be said of the Helots of many a more theoretic and more active country baronet.

Among strangers in the county, Sir Clement passed for an old bachelor. And no wonder; for nothing could be more bachelor-like than his ways and appearance. But the families coeval with his own, knew better; and were disposed indeed to retrace the oddity of his habits to having been as much married as possible—married to a woman who gave him so sickening a dose of matrimony, that on her decease, at the close of a couple of unquiet years, he had relapsed at once into the habits of his single life, in order to drive from his mind all trace of the overbearing, restless Lady Margaret Colston, who, during her wedded life, had taken care not to spend two days at his country-seat; and whom, at her death, he was equally careful to inter in the gay city in which her soul delighted, in order that nothing at Hartington might ever serve to remind him of a person so disagreeable.

No wonder, therefore, that people should forget he had been married. He had almost forgotten it himself. Forty years of profound peace had happily obliterated all remembrance of those unquiet days, when he was racketed from one watering-place to another, from London to Paris, from Paris to Naples, without rest or intermission; distracted by the balls, operas, and masquerades of half the capitals in Europe. In the joy of his release, the widower had probably made some secret vow that, being his own master again, nothing should induce him a second time to renounce the ease and comfort of a country life; for, from the day he returned to Hartington Hall after his lady's funeral, he was never known to quit the precincts. An easy walk, an easy ride, an easy drive, constituted the pleasures of his tranquil life. Early hours and moderate diet, old-fashioned books and old-fashioned habits, satisfied his unambitious mind; the sort of yea-nay existence that makes neither friend nor enemy.

But it is under the sceptre of such country gentlemen that our oaks acquire giant growth, that a few village greens are left unencroached upon by the lord of the manor; and that such highways or rather byways as the Church-lane of Hartington, are left to put to the proof the patters and patience of the church-going old dames of the parish.

The crosser of them, however, never uttered a word of displeasure against Sir Clement. The quiet, little old gentleman was the idol of his tenants; half of whom never exchanged a word with him, though for nearly half a century he had dwelt upon his estate. But in England this is no uncommon thing; and many are the men who lead the life of Robinson Crusoe, without having been cast away on an uninhabited island.

The only person with whom he lived in habits of intimacy, was the parson of the parish, an old college chum, whose temper and pursuits were nearly as torpid as his own. In youth, both of them had been fond of fishing; in age, both of them were zealous antiquaries; and they met daily and talked of the things of this world as though they dwelt in another; a little to the indignation of Mrs. Wigswell, the rector's wife, who saw no reason why a man of Sir Clement Colston's fortune, and a beneficed clergyman like her husband, should not extend the sphere of their hospitalities, and live like the rest of their neighbours.

She was forced, however, to limit her appeals for sympathy to letters to her married daughters in London; for, in Hartington, what auditor could she have found for grumbling against the rector or lord of the manor? Both were so good to the poor, so kind to their servants, and so guiltless of offence to man or beast, that, in the eyes of the parish, they could do no wrong. Madam Wigswell herself, indeed, passed for "a little uppish, and a bit of a skinflint;" but not a tongue was ever wagged against the parson or his patron.

Among those by whom this species of steeple-loyalty was mainly upheld, was the parish-clerk; not in an abject spirit, but in pure thankfulness for having been, for the last five-and-twenty years, an object of bounty to both. And, in his turn, John Downing was a man who had some need of bounty. In the uneventful history of the village, his was the tragic tale. When a young man, struggling with the world, and having four children to maintain out of the humble fees of the clerkhood, he had been deprived of the best of wives, a pretty young woman of five-and-twenty, by an accident which still served to excite on winter nights the sympathy of the firesides of Hartington. By the carelessness of a drunken nurse attending upon her fourth confinement, she was burnt to death; surviving the sad catastrophe only long enough to increase the anguish of the survivors.

To nurse her in her last moments, the sister of her husband, who inhabited a village about eight miles from Hartington, had hastened to his assistance; and, when her sufferings were relieved by death, the good woman had mercifully accepted the charge of the motherless infant.

Better had she extended her kindness to two others, who were scarcely able to run alone! Heaven, however, did for them what the circumstances of the husband of Dame Harman did not allow. Heaven took the helpless children to itself! Within five years after the loss of his wife, John Downing had but two children remaining, Jack,—his eldest born, a fine robust boy, well qualified to defy the rubs of life, whether of indigestion or starvation; and Luke, Dame Harman's adopted, whom his father would have been content to receive home again, now that the feebleness of his infancy was past. But the boy's attachment to the young cousins at Norcroft, among whom he had been reared, and the cuffs his milkop habits were apt to provoke from the rough hand of his sturdy elder brother, rendered the change hazardous; and the poor clerk was consequently obliged to solicit for the boy who had been so tenderly recommended to him on her deathbed by his unfortunate wife, the continued harbour of his sister and brother-in-law. Till ten years old, therefore, Luke remained at Norcroft, doing errands about his uncle's farm, and scouted as a poor relation by all the family except a little girl named Esther, a year younger than himself, who comforted him, by her overweening affection, for his troubles, past, present, or to come.

The first great trouble, however, of which he was conscious, was his final banishment from Norcroft. After a time, matters went ill with the Harmans. They were forced to give up the greater portion of the land they rented from a less indulgent landlord than Sir Clement Colston; and get rid of their supernumerary labourers and sickly nephew. Willingly would Downing have paid for the keep of his boy. But as it sometimes occurs in a higher walk of life, his kinsfolk were too proud to receive money for what they were too poor to give for nothing; and Luke was transferred back to Hartington, to receive from his father those rudiments of learning which Downing, as became a parish clerk, assured him were better than house or land.

He had enforced the same axiom upon Jack. But the bolder boy dissented in toto. Because neither house nor land was to be his portion, why was he forced to accept a horn-book in their stead? He would not learn. Nothing and nobody could make him learn; not even his father, who wasted both argument and coercion in the attempt. Jack was thrashed and Jack was lectured; but he still persisted in believing that bird-nesting and wiring hares, rather than A B C, were the only pleasant substitute for lands and houses.

It is true the situation of Downing's cottage on the verge of Warling-wood, was peculiarly propitious to the development of this opinion. The wood was such a capital covert for his truncheons! There, Jack was able at all seasons to defy his father's researches. He knew every tree and every step of it; he sides bypaths and even runs through the underwood, made by the beasts of the field, but not the less available to the urchins of the village. The wood was in fact the natural home of Jack.

A savage wildness round him hung,

As of a dweller-out of doors;

for the avocation of his father rendering it impossible for him to be followed in the discharge of his duties by an ill-conditioned boy of fourteen, lacking the exterior decency indispensable to even the most minor of minor ministrants to the clerical calling, there were many hours of the day in which Jack Downing had every excuse for slinking along the brook-side, watching his opportunity, (as his enemies averred,) for tickling the trout of the preserved stream, or stealing off into the wood in search of squirrel's nests. For these purposes, the clerk's cottage was favourably situated; in the midst of a patch of garden ground at the bottom of Church-lane, divided from the stream only by a margin of short, green turf, dotted with straggling alder bushes,—a margin widening here and there almost into a valley, still shrubby and still verdant, for nearly a mile, till it entered at one extremity the precincts of Hartington Park, and at the other afforded a short cut to the nearest market town. Sloping upward from this riband of velvet-like herbage commenced the limits of Warling-wood; and Jack Downing had consequently a safe covert for his double depredations.

It was just when his father's indignation was at the hottest against him, in consequence of a domiciliary visit made to the cottage by Sir Clement's keepers, accompanied by the constable, to search for a brace of trout which had been seen thrust into a basket of grass by Master Jack, in the twilight of a fine midsummer morning on the banks of the stream, (known in the village by the name of the Hams,) and of which nothing was found but the baskets filled with grass and the fishy odour left behind them, that Luke was despatched home from Norcroft, to profit by the admonitions against picking and stealing bestowed upon his elder brother.

The moment was unlucky for the boy's inauguration at the cottage. The sudden change from a household governed by the experienced hand of his aunt and the gentle tendance of Esther, to a spot lacking all aid of womanly housewifery, was far from pleasant. He did not feel at home there; he could not feel at home there; and, when forced to become a witness of the furious altercations between his father and brother, his gentle nature shrank, as if touched with a hot iron. The very names he heard applied to his brother, were new to his ear. But more abhorrent still were those which Jack soon began to apply to himself,—as a poor, pitiful, sneaking urchin, who, after eating beggar's bread at his uncle's table, was returned as worthless on the hands of his father. To the young ruffian of Warling-wood, the poor boy seemed an instinctive object of hatred. Luke had seen him brought to shame; Luke had seen him chastised by his father. He had been specifically warned to avoid corrupting the morals of a brother more righteous than himself; had been told, that in the event of his persisting in his evil ways, his father's savings as well as his father's love, would be for the youngling. Everything, in short, had been done, as is too often the case among injudicious relatives, to create dissension between the brothers.

Luke was bitterly disappointed. It had been his consolation for losing the company of Esther on his return home, that he should obtain that of his bro-

ther; and he had created a great joy to himself out of the endearments of brother love. The rough entreatment of his harsh, hob-nailed, elder cousins had often caused him to sigh after a defender,—a defender and friend, such as an elder brother could not fail to be; a friend who would admit him to a share of his pastimes, and whose burdens and toils he would rejoice to share in return.

But this was not to be. He soon found that he was to be as lonely at home as he had been at Norcroft. Jack regarded him as the spy who was to obtain reward by denouncing his misdoings; a Benjamin, to whom was destined a double mess, purloined from his share. And right glad was poor Luke whenever his brother did set forth, during their father's absence, upon one of his marauding expeditions; not that he might betray his fault, but that he might be at liberty to follow unmolested his own more harmless devices.

For his spirit of orderliness had already devised means of adding to the comfort of the family. Though little more than twelve years old, Luke was an active and intelligent lad; and the industrious habits in which he had been reared by the Harmans enabled him to turn to advantage the intervals of the tasks of reading and writing, set him by his father. By his zeal, the cottage was whitewashed. By his zeal, the floor was new laid, the furniture repaired and rubbed, the broken panes replaced, the thatched mended. A very small outlay, and a great deal of spirit and intelligence, sufficed to impart a completely new aspect to the place. From the day of his wife's death, Downing had never cared for such things, but suffered his house to fall into decay. Being a great gardener, the little leisure he could command was devoted to his out-door belongings; and so long as his early vegetables flourished, he had never troubled his head about the dilapidation of his premises, till the activity of his younger boy placed them before him in the state they ought to be.

The satisfaction he evinced on the occasion, however, served only to stir up further strife between Jack and his family. Encouraged by his father's praise, Luke took upon himself thenceforward the charge of the house: and though the elder brother declared the tasks he adopted to be just fit for such a milkop, who was good only to roast, and boil, and wash, and mend, he was not the less jealous of the affection which these aids and endeavours obtained for the new-comer from the old clerk.

Luke, however, was content. Finding that nothing like brotherly love was to be won from the uncouth Jack, he satisfied himself with the fondness lavished upon him by one who, since the death of his poor wife, had found no object of attachment, and devoted himself with all his heart and soul to his father. Submissive as he was industrious, his parent's slightest wishes were forestalled; and the poor clerk, who had been afraid of incurring an additional burden, soon found that he had obtained a faithful servant as well as a loving child.

And then, Luke evinced as much sympathy in his pleasures as zeal in his service. Luke assisted him in his garden, and was as proud as himself of his cauliflowers and prize carnations; and yet, of evenings, worked so hard with him at his lessons, that, by the time the lad entered his fifteenth year, no one—not even the parson of the parish—disputed John Downing's assertion, that at his death, or when he became too infirm to officiate, Luke would be fully qualified to succeed him in his clerical vocation.

"A pleasant life, and I wish the spoony joy on 't!" was Jack's comment on the announcement, when twitted with it by some of his loose companions. "Thank God, I knew better than ever to learn to sign my name! Readin' and writin' for them as is fond on 'em,—free air and a fair field for me;—none the worse if the hares come a-feedin' there of evenings. As to the spendin' the best o' one's days in bawlin' 'Amen!' for the christenin' of a pack o' squallin' bantlings, or listenin' to the toll o' the bell for shovellin' poor folks into their last home, 'twasn't that for which God Almighty made me, or I'm much mistaken. My arm's got a plaguy deal too much whippoor in 't for that!"

At length, after frequent threats of enlisting, in order to get away from Hartington and its discipline, on finding that his father was in treaty to bind him apprentice to a carrier in the nearest town, Jack Downing proposed, by way of compromise, to enter the service of a farmer a few miles off, who had courage to encounter the hazards announced by his unpromising reputation, in consideration of obtaining, at low wages, one of the stoutest young fellows in the country.

CHAPTER II.

By this change, both father and sons became the happier. Conscious of having a character to acquire with the new master, who had accepted him on trust, the surly John addressed himself with some assiduity to his calling; and the two that were left, always happy in each other, had no longer a motive for concealing their mutual content. A painful constraint was removed, when the loud step and loud voice of Jack Downing no longer shook the cottage. His absence was as a lull after a raging storm.

Even Parson Wigswell noticed how much more sedately than usual John Downing's duties were discharged, after the removal of his sole cause of irritation; and many a time did the Rector's lady step into the little garden, to admire poor John's renowned auriculas and picotees, (whenever the lower par of Church-lane was free enough from mud for a lady to pass dryshod,) now that the sullen young man was gone, who, on such occasions, used to stand surveying her, leaning impudently against the door-post, with a flower stuck in his mouth and his hat on one side, undoffed in deference to her presence.

There was peace, in short, in the cottage; and peace imparts the semblance of plenty, even where plenty is not. But in John Downing's house there was just so much more than enough as to enable him to lay by a trifle at the end of every week in the village Savings' Bank, and without churlishness or inhospitality. A friend was always welcome, nor was the beggar sent empty away. So quiet, indeed, was the cottage under the new order of things, as to have become a worthy corollary to hall and rectory. The squire and the parson were fitted to a nicety in their steady, taciturn, sober-suited clerk.

But alas! as in the case of Sir Balaam,

The devil was vex'd such saintship to behold;

and one evening, when, after the ending of his day's work, Luke had obtained his father's permission to visit Norcroft, to carry a present to his aunt of some choice flowers, as a pretext, perhaps, for conveying to Esther tidings of the brighter prospects of his destiny, and the hopes it afforded that, some day or other, he might be able to earn a living and claim her for a wife; John Downing, while sauntering hatless and coatless up and down the narrow, thrift-edged walk of his garden, on the look-out for snails and other depredators, and lost in admiration of the happy results of one of the finest summers ever known, noticed with surprise, a well-dressed gentleman pass the garden hedge, descending leisurely the lane towards the stream; and after casting an admiring glance at the flower-plots, just then so bright with blossoms, quietly continue his perambulations.

"Some angler, attracted by the fame of our trout-fishing," thought the clerk,

peering out at him as he pursued his way to the brook. "Afore he comes back with his rod and line, however, he must take care to get a regular ticket from Sir Clement's keepers, or no sport for him hereaway!"

After a few minutes' loitering along the Hams, however, the stranger retraced his steps. The spot was a damp one after sunset. But this time, on reaching the clerk's garden, he made a dead stop, as if the beauty of the flowers was not to be passed by; and stood gazing at the fine clove carnations, and inhaling their fragrance over the little gate, till even a less benevolent man than John Downing might have been tempted to say, "Walk in!"

The stranger, however, was the first to speak.

"Mr. Downing, I believe?" said he, touching his hat,—though the clerk, in his own garden on a July evening, was uncovered. "My informants, I find, did not deceive me," he resumed, when answered by a civil bow of assent. "I was told to look for a cottage surrounded by the finest flowers in the county. By that direction, I readily found my way."

Touched in the tenderest point by this compliment, the old man no longer hesitated. Opening wide the wicket gate, he invited the stranger to a nearer inspection of the "finest flowers in the county," with all the simplicity of a Dr. Primrose; and though his visitor evinced in the course of the first five minutes' conversation a degree of ignorance concerning all things horticultural, which rendered somewhat extraordinary his deep interest in an humble cottage-garden in the village of Hartington, the clerk readily forgave his want of science, in favour of the encomiums lavished upon the parterres around him.

"I have been making a tour through the southern counties," said the stranger, seeming to think it necessary to account for himself,—chiefly for the purpose of visiting their flower-gardens and mediæval relics."

(John Downing was puzzled,—marvelling much whether the plants whose names were so new to him, were annuals or perennials.)

"I am much struck by the beauty of the churches in this neighbourhood," added the stranger, "of many of which I have made sketches, and should be glad to add Hartington to my collection. I am told, Mr. Downing that the keys are in your custody. May I inquire whether it is too late in the evening for a sight of the interior?"

"By no manner of means, sir," replied the civil clerk. "If you will have the kindness to wait while I slip on my coat, or walk slowly up the lane, I will join you before you reach the porch." The man who rejoined the scientific traveller, therefore, was no longer the free and easy amateur of streaked dahlias and spotted picotees; but a sable-suited parish clerk, bearing in one hand two ponderous keys that might have put St. Peter out of countenance.

There was little enough to see in Hartington church. Not a monument worthy to be so called! One or two of the tombs erected to the Colston family were raised a degree above mere tablets, by having demi-columns and an architrave in coloured marbles, or the family arms emblazoned on a scutcheon in the corner. But all the other memorials to the departed were of an humble kind; mere gravestones of slate or granite, with long inscriptions.

Where, to be born and die.

Of rich and poor made all the history.

The stranger, however, professed himself deeply interested in the architecture of the nave; pointing out imperceptible beauties in the capitals of the white-washed columns, and a few fragments of coloured glass remaining in the often re-glazed windows, till John Downing began to fancy there must reside a charm in learning, even beyond the axiom he habitually recited to his sons; seeing that much reading enabled this stranger to discern not only the merits of a tricoloured picotee, but the charm of an old oak staircase leading to the singing loft, which he declared to be contemporary with the Reformation.

"And the door under it, I conclude, leads into the vestry!" inquired the stranger.

"Would you like to see it, sir? Many folks declare it is the oldest part of the church," said the clerk leading the way to the iron knobbed door, which he opened with a curious old key. "The rectors of the parish, for the last four hundred years, lie buried under this here vestry," said he; "and we keep here the altar plates and parish registers," said he opening a large oaken cupboard, which somewhat resembled a banker's safe.

"Do you mean that the curious old parchment-bound volume with iron corner-pieces, which I see chained yonder to the wall, is the register of Hartington?" inquired the stranger. In answer to which question, the civil clerk hastened to unfasten by a key appended to his pinchbeck watch-chain, though pretty nearly of the dimensions of a latch-key, the padlock securing the "mighty book," which he regarded as the choicest treasure in his keeping.

"In most parishes, sir," said he, "the registers bide in the keeping of the clergyman. But his reverence and I come to this parish together; and as he's a gentleman what does not like to be disturbed at unusual times, and knows the key's as safe in my keepin' as in the bank of England—"

"He leaves it in your custody. Quite right," observed the stranger. "Trust engenders fidelity. The padlock is, as you remark, a curious relic; probably monastic,—a remnant of some old Abbey?"

"Ay, sir—sure enow—strange—I never thought on't before!—But his reverence, Mr. Wigswell, ben't a book-larned gentleman, beyond scripture matters and divinity. And as you say, there's the foundations of the old Priory still to be seen, half-a-mile or more adown the Hams, which —"

"The register, however, scarcely belongs to so early a date," said the stranger, carelessly turning over the leaves. "Sixteen hundred and thirty-seven!" said he placing his finger on the first leaf—

"The pages are a' most filled, sir, you see," said the clerk, as if in reply; "and when we gets to the last, no doubt his reverence will have a new volume, and this be laid by in the deed-chest!"

He spoke to disregarding ears; the individual he addressed was following with his fore-finger, line by line, the faded and scarcely legible entries of the last century. Antiquaries have such strange crotchets in their brains! Otherwise, what interest could that long array of names—names of the grandfathers of the fathers of the existing generation, possess for a stranger sauntering his summer ramble through the county of Sussex? His eyes appeared literally to devour those crooked-legged signatures, and his whole soul seemed engrossed in the survey! Once, twice, thrice, did John Downing interpose his explanations touching the registers, the manor, the living of Hartington,—without so much as a nod of acknowledgment in return; nor was it till the increasing darkness of the evening rendered it impossible for even the most searching eyes to discern more than the form of the volume, that, with a great gasp to relieve the tension of his breast, he turned towards the clerk, as if suddenly recovering the consciousness of his presence.

"Night be comin' on, sir," said John Downing, who felt a little affronted at the damp thrown upon his endeavours at conversation. "Night be comin' on. I don't like to seem as if puttin' of a stranger out o' doors. But we can't bide no longer here."

"And my search but half-accomplished!" was the involuntary ejaculation of his companion. "To be off at daybreak too!"

Quietly resuming possession of the huge volume, John Downing was beginning to attach the iron clasps, previous to replacing the chain in the staple of the padlock, when his visitor suddenly slipped a sovereign into the hand all but as hard and brown as the parchment binding.

"I must see this book a little longer, my good friend," said he. "Return to your cottage for a night, while I remain here; and you shall be no loser by obliging me."

The poor clerk was perhaps of the opinion entertained by many modern casuists, that Satan assumed in Paradise the form of the serpent, only because coined gold was not in existence; for the moment he felt the touch of a coin, so much heavier than the shillings to which his palm was accustomed, John Downing recoiled as from some evil thing.

"I never loses sight, sir, of that volum'!" said he, with more dignity than he had even yet had occasion to infuse into the representation of his office. And the stranger, perceiving that his suspicions were awakened, and pressed for time, without further disguise of his purpose, drew from his pocket-book a ten pound bank note, to enforce his request.

But the amount of the bribe served only to confirm the suspicions and refusal of the virtuous clerk. Was it likely that a man who all his life long had walked without swerving in the path of righteousness, should suddenly succumb to temptation without even the plea of personal need in extenuation of his fall?

John Downing held firm; and John Downing at length exhibited such sturdy disposition to eject by force from the vestry one who, in spite of his fair presence and fair speech, had manifestly entered it with evil intentions, that the soi-disant archaeologist judged it wiser to make a hasty exit; and, thanks to the increasing darkness of the evening, contrived to make a rush up Church-lane, before the clerk could ascertain the direction taken by the delinquent.

He would almost have disbelieved the evidence of his senses, and fancied the following morning that all had been a vain delusion of his evening nap, but that there still remained imprinted on the clayey soil of the lane, which, even in summer time, was kept moist by the oozing of the pond above, prints of a foot of very different form and dimensions from the hobnailed shoes of the village.—
(To be Continued.)

MY FIRST AND LAST COMMAND.

BY THE OLD MAN-OF-WAR'S-MAN.

Our delayed, well-scrubbed, aye, and well-stoned decks had already begun to dry and whiten under the glorious beams of a Canadian summer's sun, the hammocks were already stowed, and the roughs of the morning's daily routine fairly overcome. When I, gentle reader, along with my mates, Seymour and Mildew, as well, I believe, as most of our gang, all of us belonging to His Majesty's crack frigate Merrygonimble, Captain Nicol Naything, Commander, had not only breathing time to look round us, but to admire, yea, and even to enjoy, the very cheering, novel, and refreshing sights that now presented themselves to our gladdened eyes.

We had just returned, you must know, from a long, a protracted, and really a fatiguing cruise off that lengthened but very interesting sea-coast attached to the United States; and now that at last we found ourselves safely moored inside King George's formidable fortress, which thwarts the harbour, showing its teeth like another bull-dog, and almost surrounded by a verdant and lively shore, blooming and resounding with the beauty and bustle of summer and society, it is impossible rightly to describe the great satisfaction and mighty anticipations we had the whole of us formed of the amazing pleasures to be derived from a whole day's enjoyment of it. Let it not be supposed, however, even for a single moment, that either this satisfaction or these anticipations arose from the silly vanity of our being invited by the good civilians on shore to a grand banquet, a *fête champêtre*, or even a dandy *bal masque*, as was the fashion with our worthy brother Jonathan of those days. All the like of these splendours we knew were clearly beyond our feet, and of course were never either expected or thought of for a moment. In truth, it was an affair equally as pleasant, of far less ceremony and botheration, and quite adapted both to our talents and comprehension,—seeing that it had pleased our clever First Lieutenant, Mr. Dionysius O'Youl, after a formal and careful selection, to order us all, no less than thirty in number, stout fellows and bold, to be ready next morning, as soon as we broke our fast, to jump into the launch, and be off with her up the harbour, out of every body's sight, there to spend the whole delightful blessed day in the pleasant and healthful recreation of cutting brooms for the use of the ship,—Peewheep, our boatswain, having, it seems, informed him, fairly and flatly enough, that the never a single brush, broom, or besom blessed his empty store-room, and that the weekly consumption of his junk and rough knots, in the manufacture and tear and wear of swabs, was out of all measure extravagant and ruinous.

Accordingly, as soon as we had swallowed our cocoa and passed through the ordinary business of divisions, the launch was hauled up alongside, the day's allowance of eatables and drinkables carefully deposited in the stern-sheets under my own eye, and the crew individually examined by Mr. O'Youl himself—for you'll recollect he was a very particular gentleman—to see that they were all clean and tidy, and had their tomahawks and cutlasses properly sharpened at the grindstone,—away we all set, as mad and merry as March hares.

"Now, Master Spooney," cried he from the gangway, just as we shoved off, "recollect I commit the whole charge of this business to you, and you will therefore see, young gentleman, that it is properly executed. Keep the fellows busy, and by all means together; and if any of them behave improperly, or refuse to obey your orders, just tell me, that's all."

"I shall, Sir," returned I, as I sung out "Give way, men, give way!"

"And I say, Spooney," bawled he after us, "do see that the fellows cut proper, lasting, tough gear, you know, and don't be bringing us a boat-load of rubbish, fit for nothing but going under the coppers. And, I say,—do you hear?—I shall expect you on board with a good cargo, mind me, by sun-down at farthest."

"Ay, ay, Sir!" again sung out I, and away we went.

Oh! but it was delightful for a fellow to look around him that beautiful morning! I never saw Halifax nor its harbour look half so well neither before nor since. Whether it arose from the circumstance of this being my first command, or that the weather was unwontedly fine, I cannot really say; but my spirits were uncommonly roused, and every thing I saw seemed absolutely enchanting. The pretty little town itself, climbing gradually up the hill, or marching boldly downward towards the ocean, reposed so calmly in such a clear outline, and its windows and adjacent waters glittered so brilliantly in the rays of the sun, that I positively thought it an illumination of triumph got up by the powers of honest nature in honour of this my first expedition. And then to see the shipping, and

the dock-yard and hospital—even such as they are, and his Majesty's fort bristling with cannon, and the fine looking church of St. Paul's rising high above the graves of departed heroes, and the barracks, and the telegraph, and the national standard of Britain fluttering above all on the very summit of the hill; in truth, altogether, these things gave a philip to a fellow's animal spirits, and make him doubly proud of the country that gave him birth. In fact, I got fairly wild on the subject; and was only called to something like reason on hearing that frolicsome sprig of gentility, young Seymour, very seriously inquire at my cynical mate, Mr. Mildew (a young gentleman, by the by, of as old standing in the Service as myself), whether he did not think the fumes of the grog-keg at my feet were escaping copiously!

That was a hint that few could misunderstand; and, indeed, I plainly saw by the very twisting of the weather-beaten faces of all in the boat, that it was all they could do to keep from bursting out into a general roar of laughter, so feeling a little hurt, immediately says I—

"Really, Seymour, you're inclined to be a *little* too personal, I think; pray, what d'ye mean, youngster, in making that wise inquiry?"

"What do I mean?" sung out the bold young rogue, in a hearty laugh, "pshaw! there is no explanation required, Spooney. You certainly cannot deny that you've got your jawing-tackle hauled most wondrously on board since we left the hooker, and are now going before the wind like another race-horse? No wonder, then, that my curiosity was roused to know the reason; since long speeches from you are such great rarities, that I am free to confess I never heard you indulge much in them, unless, to be sure, it were occasionally after dinner, when the grog stood before you."

This was a complete raker, fore and aft; for if all hands were merry before, there now succeeded such a thundering peal of irrepressible laughter as actually dumbfounded me on the instant. All the beautiful and poetical, of which my head was so full and my tongue was so fluent, momentarily took flight and vanished; and a humbling sense of an infirmity I have sometimes been guilty of came so powerfully over me, that it was sometime before I could recollect myself; and before that time came—to make matters better—nothing would serve my good friend Mr. Mildew but he must shove in his oar, and commence telling a long rigmarole story of some one or other of his father's men, who never could complete the pumping off of a puncheon of rum without getting as drunk as David's sow! Now, Mildew, though a silent civil fellow in the main, was really what I would call a sly sort of a rogue, who enjoyed a little mischief dearly, though he seldom laughed himself, and really told his story so gravely and with so much humour withal, as kept all hands shaking their sides so heartily they could scarcely sit their thwarts, far less use their oars; and the fun of it was, I myself was no exception; for, unable to help it, I at length joined in the guffaw as merrily as the best of them—a circumstance, however, which had the effect of immediately restoring us all to good humour.

This desirable end being effected, we continued to pull up the harbour until we left the dock-yard and hospital far astern of us, and at length shot into a little cove on the opposite side, which appeared to me to promise well in supplying what we came for. Here, having made fast the launch, and ordered the men to appoint one of their number boat-keeper and another cook, all hands set to work clearing a small piece of ground I pointed out to them for a kitchen; and in almost no time there was a gipsy-fire blazing, and the cook busy preparing for dinner. I then, reminding the remainder of the people what was expected of them, which they had heard as well as myself, despatched them in small gangs all round the station; when the cutlasses and tomahawks were instantly at work, and all hands as busy as flies in a tar-bucket.

Having thus succeeded in seeing all things fairly in motion, I now proposed a walk to Mildew, by way of giving our legs a treat in a stretch on *terra firma*, and was not a little astounded when he flatly declined my invitation. On my inquiring into the reason of his refusal, he said it was out of no disrespect or ill-will to me, but that if I was inclined for a walk, he thought that it was no more than his duty to stand by his post, and both look after and keep the fellows at their work, according to orders. "You know, Spooney, as well as I do," he concluded, "that these wild fellows of ours wouldn't care a deuce for the orders of such a mere boy as Seymour, but would just do what best pleased them. Then who would be blamed, pray?—not the boy, you may swear; but either you or me, or both of us in a lump."

There was no parrying such fair reasoning; so, confessing my want of reflecting on the subject, I expressed my contentment to stay by my duty.

"There you run to the contrary extreme, my dear fellow," he eagerly cried, laying hold of my hand, "for I never meant anything of that kind, either. All I meant to say was this, that it would be poor policy in us, not to speak of the bad example it would hold out to the fellows now toiling around us, were they to be able to report us both absent enjoying ourselves at the same time, and thus throwing all the duty on the shoulders of a poor simple boy. Now, as I've not the smallest doubt but they will all work pretty fairly until they hear the dock-yard bell for dinner, if you are inclined for a stretch set about it instantly, for we can promise for nothing after the fellows get their grog."

"I never loved a lonely walk, Mildew, even when I was at home," returned I. "I must have some one or other to communicate my ideas to."

"And if this *some one* wears petticoats, I suppose a preference will be readily bestowed; ain't that it, Spooney?" replied Mildew, in his cool, satirical, usual way of talking; but, instantly recollecting himself, he resumed in a more friendly tone,—"Why, here's young Seymour, what's to hinder you to make him your companion? If the boy should lack poetry sufficient for you, he has at least two ears and good manners, and I'll warrant me will hear you spout a soliloquy, or sing a madrigal, with as much of the patient philosophy you're so fond of, as any stoic living.—Won't you, Seymour?"

"I don't know, Mildew," cried the smiling young wag, with an arch wink of his eyes; "I'm really careless at any time of hearing your long lawyer-like speeches; and as for Mr. Spooney's songs, they are all about Chloes, and Delias, and Celias, that belong to nobody knows where but himself. Would he but give us a good old English song a fellow knows, with a merry chant attached to it, I'd be bound to say I'd stand and listen to him long and long enough."

"Oh!—I know you are very partial to our galley choristers, youngster," said Mildew; "and as we have several of them along with us, there is little doubt but you'll get a plentiful dose of it to-day, as soon as the grog gets about."

"That's the very reason I wish for none now," cried the merry little fellow, "less my appetite be spoilt! Now, if Mr. Spooney will give me his honour there's to be no long speeches nor poetry, I'll take a stroll with him, with all my heart."

"Nay, nay, my good boy," exclaimed I, playfully resisting the young wag's advances, "your safest plan is to make certain work on't. You and Mildew can set off together, while I remain where I am. I don't think he will bore you

with anything, excepting, probably, a small slice of Hamilton Moore, should he happen to be in the humour."

"Why, that's worse and worse, Mr. Spooney. I get more than enough of that already from the Captain every other Sunday; and from Mr. O'Youl, too, when he can catch me taking my observation—which, however, hasn't been this some time; for I keep such a bright look out for him now, that no sooner do I see him steering my way than its up helm, and away."

"Pshaw! gentlemen," cried Mildew, impatiently, "you may bandy pellets long enough, and never get a walk after all. I've already told you, Mr. Spooney, that I have been in this very place before, and that I have seen all that I believe is worth seeing; if, therefore, you have any wish that way, why not indulge it while you can? Come, young Seymour, take hold of his arm, and show the example like a gallant Staffordshire blade as you are. I'll have everything ready for you at your return."

This proved a definitive; for the smiling boy instantly seizing my not unwilling arm, we actually did commence our intended march gaily enough, each armed with a ship's cutlass, by way of a walking-stick. Choosing a narrow beaten track that seemed to lead into the interior of this primeval forest, we strolled slowly along in the pleasant shade of the splendid and luxuriant foliage, which speedily clustered so thickly overhead as to form a continuous canopy of most gorgeous verdure, which, without excluding the light or air, effectually screened the sun and heavens from our view. Determined to accommodate my conversation to the liking of my youthful companion, I gradually led the conversation to his home; and was amply repaid in the amusement he afforded me in his unique and graphic comparisons of his favourite walks in his father's demesne at Abbot's Bromly, and the natural forest-ground we were now leisurely traversing. In this playful and simple chit-chat manner we imperceptibly wandered onwards and onwards, highly satisfied with each other, for the recurrence to his native home and family had roused so many dormant reminiscences in the young gentleman's memory, that he was not only very communicative, but even eloquent, particularly when he was relating anything pertaining to that deity of the household hearth—"My Mother!" Heavens! what a rush of the fondest, the tenderest, the most truthful feelings comes over every heart in the civilized world when these two magical words are presented from the memory to the mind's eye of the distant wanderer, whether rich or poor, whether slave or sultan! It has been our unfortunate lot to see many a gallant heart brought up by a sudden round turn; and we fear no contradiction in asserting, that in the foreign hospital, whether on ship-board, or battlefield, in nine cases out of ten, the last aspiration ever was—"My poor mother! my dear mother!" My young friend friend Seymour, I saw, was already in full possession of this universal sensation; for while narrating some of his little anecdotes regarding this revered parent, I could plainly see by the rush of blood to his fine healthy face, the swelling of his little heart, and the faltering and glistening of his tongue and eve, that young as he was—even in that blissful period of life which has not unaptly been named the sunshine of human existence—the distance of many hundreds of miles from home had made her his dear, dear mother!

Alike absorbed in these pleasurable feelings, we wandered on until the state of our stomachs, and the casual glimpses we could get of the sunshine at long intervals, at length made us think that it was time to wheel round on our return to dinner. Accordingly we did so;—retracing our footsteps, as we thought, at the same leisure and easy pace we had hitherto used. Alas! for the issue. We walked on, and on, and on; but having, equally unfortunately and heedlessly, taken not a single precaution to mark our outward path—ignorant of the red man's sagacity to discover our own recent trail—in short, being alike destitute of the knowledge of a single landmark, or an opportunity of procuring a glimpse of the sun in the heavens, after walking over what I am certain was double the distance we had advanced, we suddenly came to a halt—where!—on the very spot we both of us, more than an hour before, had been idly commemorating our visit to this infernal labyrinth by carving our illustrious names, forsooth, on the trunk of a majestic pine! We paused—we looked at the tree, and then at each other! There was a portentous significance in that look I shall never forget. It plainly said, although neither of us spoke—"We are lost! what is to be done?"

"Confusion to my stupid head!" I at length exclaimed, "not to think of the like of this before we set out—when even a morsel of chalk or the stroke of a cutlass might have easily aided our speedy return! By my honour, my dear boy, however we may get out, we are in for it to a dead certainty! Let's see, what the devil's to be done?—I perfectly recollect the calculations of yesterday's meridian, for I took down the bearings of Halifax; and could I but get even a momentary glimpse of the sun's position in the heavens, I think I could have a rough guess how to steer our course. Do you think you could see the sun from the top of any of these trees?"

"I can't say," replied the gallant boy, with a coolness that astonished me, "until I try; but you must lend me a hand to gain the lower branches."

"That I will do, cheerfully," said I. "But, avast a bit, let us pick out as tall a fellow as we can find for the purpose; it will probably save further trouble."

A search was instantly made, a tree selected, and, after many unsuccessful attempts, I at last had the satisfaction of seeing my gallant little friend seated, completely out of breath, on the lower branch of a superb tall pine, that appeared to me to rear its head far above the rest of its brethren of the forest.

After a short pause to regain his wind, Seymour, who was by no means daunted, again commenced his ascent; and after considerable difficulty, and no small degree of risk, gained as great a height as the wood that would bear him went. He then informed me, to my great disappointment, that he was not high enough by a top-mast to see the sun, but pointed out the direction in which its rays came from. He added, when he once more reached the ground, that we must have been moving down hill, for that the trees in that direction arose in regular gradation one over t'other until they attained the range which prevented the sun from being seen. Having marked the direction pointed out with my cutlass on the ground, though I could see no visible indication of its irregularity, yet in that way we bent our course, and selecting another tree, again my spirited little hero, after great exertion, completed his ascent with no better success. And thus we continued repeatedly ascending and following the rays of the sun, until my poor young friend was so completely exhausted that I would allow him to ascend no more: the sun by this time being, to our infinite mortification and alarm, evidently on the decline.

Having nothing else for it, however, we still followed on in the same direction at as smart a pace as young Seymour could make it; he all the while praying most fervently that we soon might be so fortunate as to fall in with some pool of water, his thirst from his recent exertions being nearly intolerable. Though by no means at ease myself when I overhauled certain consequences, I still contrived to speak lightly of the matter, and to cheer my young friend with the hopes of speedy relief; and indeed succeeded so far as to cause him,

who was close at my heels, on my stepping on the top of what had once been the enormous trunk of a tree, which lay branchless on the ground across our path, to burst out into an immoderate fit of laughing, when he saw me instantly sink into it up to the waist, like the celebrated Gulliver into the marrow-bone. Cheered with my success, although caused by a circumstance totally unexpected on my part, I soon extricated myself from the decayed mass, which was fortunately as dry as saw-dust, and giving myself a shake, we hurried onward as fast as he was able to follow; which he still continued to do manfully, although it was evident he was sadly fatigued. We thus continued our devious way, on and on, with unflinching perseverance, until the sun went down, and night came fast upon us. It was then that all hope began to forsake us! my anxiety I could no longer conceal. Our conversation, which had been for some time shortening, now sunk into peevish and impatient monosyllables; and with our heads sunk on our cheerless breasts, we slowly wended on our despairing and apparently never-ending journey in moody silence.

Tired and spiritless, and my gallant young companion evidently completely knocked up, I at length was actually on the look-out for a convenient place to bring up for our night's bivouac, when—blessed moment!—I thought I heard the bark of a dog! I started, and came to a halt: the bark was repeated. With a cry of joy I could not restrain, I wheeled round to congratulate my fellow-sufferer, when, at once to my terror and astonishment, I found myself alone! Oh horror, horror! the dreadful pang of that moment I will never forget! That he had silently sunk to the ground, overcome with fatigue, I had not a doubt; but what time had elapsed since the terrible *when* and *where*, appeared such unanswerable queries as nearly overcame me. Roused to a state of excitement, which if it was not madness, bordered closely upon it, I resolutely sped my backward way, determined to find him or perish. Heaven be praised! I had not far to go: for not a pistol's shot from the place where I had first missed him—stretched all his little length at the foot of a tree—there lay my gallant young shipmate, pale as death, and in a state of nearly complete insensibility. Conscious from the voice of the dog that we were not far from human aid, with a strength and energy which the critical situation of my fellow-sufferer powerfully aided, I snatched him up in my arms, and throwing him over my shoulders, I hurried back, bawling at the top of my voice for rescue and assistance. For some time I was unanswered; yet I still held on, bawling at intervals with all my strength. I was again beginning to despair, for my voice was getting husky and failing me, when—blessed be the sound!—the dog's bark once more sounded in my ears. With renewed hope and redoubled vigour I flew towards it, and soon perceived, at no great distance from me, a large black Newfoundland dog, who, after saluting me with a loud bay of defiance, began to retreat before me at a round pace. I followed him with a fleetness that astonished even myself; and had nearly lost all, both of wind and muscular strength, when—blessed be that

"Sweet little cherub that sits up aloft

To keep watch for the life of poor Jack!"—

the glimmer of a light burst through the foliage upon my eager eyes, seemingly at no great distance. Almost frantic with joy, I immediately raised a shout so loud, so long, so savage, and so wild, as seemed not only to alarm the animal before me, who now bayed away with redoubled vigour, but speedily brought out a man to meet me, armed with a rifle, who was instantly reinforced by another similarly equipped.

"Water, water, my dear friends!" cried I, sinking to the ground under my precious burden; "Water, for the love of God! or he's lost for ever!"

"Gude guide us. Sirs, what's the matter?" exclaimed the foremost stranger, on coming up and seeing our situation. Then, addressing his follower, he hastily cried, "Rin, Watty, rin, and bring us a boyne fu' o' water, directly! Lord's sake, man, rin for the life o' ye! Waes me, waes me! poor young thing!" continued the unsophisticated Samaritan, taking the boy up kindly on his knee, "ye're sair done, and has been sadly misguided! Have a care o' me, what are ye?" added he, looking sternly at me, "whaur d'ye come frae? or whaur was ye gaun at this time o' night?"

But before I could answer such a volley of questions, the water arrived, and I was happy to see that all his attention and solicitude was immediately devoted to the recovery of young Seymour. Having plentifully sprinkled his face and forced a little water down his throat, the boy began slowly to revive: and opening his languid eyes, he wailed in a faint and querulous tone, "Oh, Spooncey, Spooncey, don't leave me! don't leave me, shipmate! ah, don't, now, don't." Then looking up earnestly in the face of the stranger, he said, with a heavy sigh, "Alas! where am I?"

"In better guiding than ye've been this twa three days, I jalouse, my bonnie laddie," replied his protector, in accents in which pity and benevolence were beautifully blended. "But ye're cauld, callant, ye're getting unco cauld; and, my certy, this is no place to get muckle warmer. Lifting him up, therefore, in his arms with the utmost ease, and directing his assistant to follow with me and his gun, he quickly set off towards the house.

After greedily swallowing the remains of the precious element, I felt considerably renovated; and with the assistance of the good natured Watty, once more regained my feet; but now that the alarm was over, and the excitement subsided, I found myself getting rapidly alike stiff and sore, and staggered rather than walked till we reached a log house of the rudest description, which did not promise much from its external appearance. In this, however, I was agreeably disappointed; for the inside was as neat and comfortable as its exterior was rude and unshapely. All around the fire, which crackled and blazed in the most cheering manner, were settles or lockers partitioned off in divisions, serving at once for benches, places of security, and repose; while the roof and walls, strongly boarded inside, were profusely hung round with implements of all kinds, whether for the angle, field-sports, or wood craft. On entering, we found our benevolent host busily engaged, in stowing young Seymour comfortably away in a snug corner in one of the settles nearest the fire, which having at length accomplished to his mind, he now approached, and seating himself down beside me, he handed me a tin cup full of very good rum, which he had taken from a capacious bottle, saying, "Now put that into ye, stranger; it will do ye nae harm, but muckle good: and sine ye can tell us, gif ye like, how ye cam into sic a mischance as this? Wha ye are? Whaur ye cam frae? And, abune a', whar the wuddy ye was gaun!"

For the life of me I could not help smiling at the pertinacity of my benevolent host's curiosity; but feeling not only cheered, but even exhilarated from the effects of his cordial and comfortable fireside, I immediately commenced, and, in as brief terms as possible, gave him a full detail of our whole day's proceedings. He heard me to an end without a word of interruption, when he suddenly burst out with—

"Then gude help my throtchless head, for certain ye'll baith be starving!"

"Indeed, my good sir, neither my young friend nor I have broke bread since breakfast this morning."

"D'ye hear that, Watty?" cried the good fellow, "haste ye lad, and on with the goblet. But, by the by, friend, d'ye think ye can sup parridge. They are far the best supper gaun for hungry chields o' your age, and fine and warm to gang to sleep wi'. Without joking, I'd really recommend them to ye, for they'll do you muckle good, and gaur ye sleep as sound's a tap; but for a' that, ye ken, if ye cannae tak them, we maun think o' something else. In the meantime," continued he, hastily rising, and placing bread and cheese before me, "there's the kebbuck and the loaf, they will at least tak the edge off, and haud your teeth at work. I'll wauken the leddie as soon as the parridge is ready, and gie him a hearty dose o' them, for weel I ken they're the best thing, for the like o' him at any event. He'll be your Captain's son nae, Iae warrant!"

"No, Sir, he is not," replied I; "his father is a very wealthy landed gentleman in England."

"Dinna Sir me, I beseech o' ye, friend," cried my host, impatiently, "for it does nae become me. I'm plain Jamie Johnstone, yince upon a time a native of Scotland, but at present an inhabitant of New Scotland, and what they ca' here a backwoodsman, at your service."

I bent my head in silence, unable to reply; being in truth actually voracious on his bread and cheese.

"Eat awa, eat awa, friend, and welcome," said my host; "there's plenty mair where that cam frae. Ay, man," continued he, with unabated curiosity, "and that weel faured callant's father's an English landed gentleman! Hech me! he maun hae a cauld, cauld heart, else he wad ne'er hae weel to do in the world, and send sic a bairn as that is straving ower the braid roaring sea to sic a wild out o' the world place as this is. Forgie us, Sir, a blackguard gipsy or a ragged tinkler body could nae do nae mair."

In such and similar conversation the time was passed, until Watty had completed his cookery, when forthwith two wooden platters of oatmeal pottage were set before us, of such sturdy consistency, that the horn spoons we made use of could easily have stood erect in them; and, let ignorance and prejudice sneer as they will, it becomes me at least to confess, that, with plenty of excellent spruce beer of his own manufacture, I have to thank my host Mr. Johnstone for one of the best and kindest suppers I ever had in my life. Young Seymour was also roused up; and proud and happy was I to see, that though sadly overpowered with sleep, he swallowed them not only with avidity, but seemingly with considerable relish; our good natured host feeding him like a child, and laughing exultingly in his labor of love.

"Ha, ha, ha!" went his merry voice, as he actually shovelled the spoonfuls into the hungry youngster's mouth, "Englischer here, Englischer there, my faith the callant has a good Scotch stomach o' his ain, and supe parridge like a hen at barley, bless him! That's it, my bonnie laddie, sup awa; ecod, they'll do ye mair good after your heavy drag this day, than a' the roast and boiled, the pies and puddings your father's kitchen ever produced. Poor fellow! he's sleepy, sleepy, and fairly done out. Come anither spoonful or twa my man, and sine I'll be done wi' tormenting ye; there, now, there, lie ye down lad, and let me see wha dares to disturb ye! Hech, Sirs, I declare he's asleep already."

"But we are taking all, Sir," said I, almost blushing at the extent of my appetite; "I see neither you or this gentleman offering to taste a morsel."

"For the best o' a' good reasons, neighbor," returned our smiling host, with a sly leer at his mate, "eh Watty!—Gentleman Watty, I mean. Ha, ha, ha! by jing lad, that's a braw Sabbath day's name our frien's gien ye; ye may gang to the kirk when ye like. Only think how bravely it sounds—Gentleman Watty! troth, there's no the like o' ye round about. What would Luckie Mackechnie say if she had been here whar I'm sitting, Gentleman Watty! wad she no been fit to jump out o' her red little coatie wi' perfect delight! But bah! for what nonsense folks will speak after a' in their daffin and havers." He paused, then resumed, addressing me "To be serious, I maun tell ye, my young friend, that we had got our supper lang before ye cam in; and had that raukle divil o' a dog there, no found ye out, and mad sic a noise and clatter about it, my faith, Wat and I wad hae been sound sleeping lang sine. But I forgie the brute for that young laddie's sake, and the providential deliverance he was the means o' bringing him—in troth do I, and to gie ye a proof o't, he shall hae the rest o' the parridge, and the scrapings o' the goblet, too, into the bargain, for his reward. Here, Help; here, sir; ye've get a warm supper the nicht, and my thanks, too, for your excellent behavior."

The huge animal who had hitherto lain quietly squatted outside, as if on the watch at the door, actually seemed to understand every word that was said to him; for the moment his name was mentioned, he immediately got up, and slowly advanced, wagging his tail, and licking his capacious chops in seeming fond anticipation; but when his master caressed him, and placed the well filled platter before him, the affectionate animal's eyes actually sparkled lustrely, and uttering a cry of delight, his huge paws were around his master's neck in a moment.

"That'll do nae, brute," said mine host with the most perfect composure, "gae wa' now, and tak your parridge."

"He's very found of you, seemingly," said I.

"Like a' the rest o' us, my young friend; their unco gude that gies. But we maun be thinking o' bed now, unless we mean, like daft Tam Corbet, to sit up a nicht to be sure o' rising in the morning. Get the decks cleared, Watty, and I'll help you: we'll make out asleep o't some way or other."

The things attached to the supper were immediately cleared away, and blankets and horse cloths, produced from the lockers and spread on the top of the settles. We then all took our stations as our host directed, himself choosing his berth close alongside of young Seymour, to whom he seemed already remarkably attached. When, wishing one another good night, I know I was hardly stretched out before I was asleep.—(To be concluded next week.)

A MODERN MILO.

The British emigrant who had reared this humble shanty was one day engaged in a remote part of his two-hundred-acre lot in ploughing a small space of ground which he had but partially cleared, and he was proceeding without his coat close to his plough, driving a yoke of oxen, when the animals, starting at some wild beast or other object which they saw in the forest, suddenly dragged the plough between an immense fallen tree and a stump, by which the driver's right foot and ankle were so firmly jammed, that the plough was not only completely stopped, but immovably fixed. For a considerable time the poor fellow, standing with his left leg on his plough, suffered excruciating agony, from which he saw not the slightest chance of release. At times he almost fainted; but on recovering from his miserable dreams he always found himself in the same position—in the same agony—in the same writhing attitude of despair. In a fit of desperation he drew his knife from his belt, and for a few seconds meditated on endeavouring to release himself by cutting off his own foot; but reflection again plunged him into despair, and in this agony he remained until he bethought himself of the following plan. Stooping

forwards, he cut the band that connected his oxen to the plough. As soon as they were at liberty he drew the patient animals towards him by the rope-reins he had continued to hold, and when their heads were close to him, he passed his hands down his naked arms, which for some time had been bleeding from the mosquitoes that had been assailing them, and then daubing the points of the horns of both his bullocks with his blood, he cut their reins short off, and striking the animals with their reins they immediately left him, and, just as he had intended that they should, they proceeded homewards. On their arrival at his log-but the blood on their horns instantly attracted the attention of a labourer who lived with him, and who, fancying that the animals must have gored their master, hastened to the clearance, where they found him, like Milo, fixed in the cleft oak, in the dreadful predicament I have described, and from which it was with the utmost difficulty that he could be released.—*Sir F. Head's Emigrant.*

THE BRITISH THEATRE.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

* * * * * The stage has one peculiar and melancholy feature, which belongs to it alone of all the fine arts. The efforts of the performer perish in the moment of creation. If they are more extraneous and overpowering than the productions of genius in any other department, they are also more evanescent; if they combine, in one enchanting form, all that taste and talent have achieved in all the other arts, they expire in the midst of the delight they have produced. Music itself is less fleeting. The genius of the composer has breathed the soul of harmony into his pieces. The mighty conceptions of Handel, the bewitching melody of Mozart, will captivate mankind to the end of the world. The skill of the vocalist, the taste of the performer, are heard no more, indeed, when their strains are over; but the music remains, and another artist, a second orchestra, will recall again the first divine illusions. But who is to recall, what perpetuate, the noble conceptions of the actor? The generation who have witnessed them will retain, indeed, their inimitable perfection indelibly engraven on their memory; but how is their impression to be conveyed to future ages? How is the look, the voice, the gesture, the accents of love, the step of grace, the glance of indignation, the cry of despair which thrills every heart which witnesses it, to be perpetuated? How is a conception of it ever to be conveyed to future ages? Alas! it is impossible. It is too ethereal to be seized by mortal hands; it is too spiritual to be apprehended by earthly bonds; like the ravishing sounds which steal upon the ear when the light zephyr sweeps over the chords of the Æolian harp, it sinks into the heart, but lives only in the secret cells of the memory.

Notwithstanding this difficulty, it is possible, by writing, to convey some idea of the distinctive character of great performers. It is so, because every civilized age has, and ever will have, the stage, and therefore every one has some model—inferior, perhaps, but still a model—which he has witnessed, which aids him in embodying the conceptions which the writer wishes to convey. The same difficulty exists, though in a much lesser degree, in the description of scenery. If the reader has beheld no scenes in nature of the same kind, the most glowing language, the most graphic details, will fail in conveying any distinct or correct conception of them. He will think he is conceiving new scenes, when, in fact, he is only repeating old ones. But if he has seen some objects of the same class, though inferior in magnitude or effect, he will be able, from an accurate description of the leading features of a scene, to convey some idea of what the writer intends to convey. Thus, whoever has seen the Alps will have no difficulty in forming a conception of Lebanon or the Andes from the glowing pages of Lamartine or Humboldt; and the rush of Schaffhausen will enable the imagination, even of those who have never crossed the Atlantic, to figure the thunder of Niagara. It is in the hope that similar aids may assist the feeble efforts of the pen, that the following attempt is made to give a picture of the great tragic performers of the last and the present age.

Of Garrick, all have heard; but none of the present generation have seen him, and it is the more advanced in years only who have received accounts of his extraordinary talents from eye-witnesses. They were, undoubtedly, however, of the very highest description. The estimation in which he was held by the greatest men of his own, not the least of any age, sufficiently proves this. The companion of Johnson and Burke, of Goldsmith and Reynolds, of Fox and Gibbon, must have been no common man, independent altogether of his theatrical abilities. Like all persons of the highest class of intellect, his talents were not confined to his own profession; they shone out in every department of thought. He was as great at the supper of the literary club, when in presence of the eloquence of Burke, or the gladiatorial powers of Johnson, as when he entranced the audience at Covent Garden or Drury-lane. Those who enjoyed his friendship, spoke in the highest terms of his conversational powers, as well as the varied subjects of information which exercised his thoughts, and the simple and amiable turn of his mind.

As an actor, his most remarkable quality was his versatility. He had few advantages from nature: his figure, though far from diminutive, was neither tall nor commanding; his countenance was far from being cast in the antique mould; his voice neither remarkably sonorous nor powerful; but all these deficiencies were supplied, and more than supplied, by the energy of his mind, and the incomparable powers of observation which he possessed. There never was such a delineation, at once of the tragic and comic passions. He united the eye of Hogarth for the ludicrous, and that of Salvator for the terrible; that of Caracci for the pathetic, and that of Velasquez for the dignified. It was this close observation of nature which constituted his great power, and enabled him to wield at will, and with surprising power, the magic wand which swayed the feelings of his audience, alternately rousing them to the highest exaltation of the tragic, and the utmost stretch of the comic passions. This peculiar power, however, had its disadvantages; it made him fond of stage effect, and condescend to trick. He performed *Lear on crutches*, to add to the effect of the great scene, when he threw them away. It is difficult to conceive how such a combination can exist in the same individual; and certainly experience affords very few instances of a similar union. But the examples of Shakspeare and Sir W. Scott prove that such a blending of apparently heterogeneous qualities may be found in the most highly-gifted dramatic poets. Napoleon's celebrated saying, "from the sublime to the ridiculous is but a step," may possibly afford, in a certain degree, a key to the mystery. And the peculiarity was, probably founded, in both, on the same accurate eye for the workings of the human heart, and power of graphic delineation, which, alike in the poet and the performer, is the foundation of dramatic excellence.

A most competent eye-witness has left the following graphic picture of the wonderful power of imitating the expression of human passion which Garrick possessed. In the chapter in which Fielding describes the behaviour of Partridge at the theatre, he says:—

"Partridge, upon seeing the ghost in Hamlet, gave that credit to Mr. Garrick which he had denied to Jones, and fell into so violent a fit of trembling that his knees knocked together. Jones asked him what was the matter, and whether he was afraid of the warrior upon the stage.

"Oh, sir," he exclaimed, "I perceive now it is what you told me. I am not afraid of anything, for I know it is but a play; and even if it was really a ghost, it could do no harm at such a distance and in so much company; and yet, if I was frightened, I am not the only person."

"Why who," cried Jones, "dost thou take to be such a coward here besides thyself?"

"Nay, you may call me a coward if you will; but if that little man on the stage there is not frightened, I never saw any man frightened in my life."

"He sat with his eyes partly fixed on the ghost, and partly on Hamlet, and with his mouth open. The same passions which succeeded each other in Hamlet, succeeded each other also in him.

"At the end of the play, Jones asked him which of the players he liked best. To this he answered, with some appearance of indignation at the question—

"The king, without doubt."

"Indeed, Mr. Partridge," says Mr. Miller, "you are not of the same opinion as the rest of the town, for they are all agreed that Hamlet is acted by the best player who ever was on the stage."

"He the best player," cries Partridge, with a contemptuous sneer. "Why, I could act as well as he myself. I am sure, if I had seen a ghost, I should have looked in the very same manner, and done just as he did. And then to be sure, in that scene, as you call it, between him and his mother, where you told me he acted so fine, why any man—that is, any good man—that had such a mother, would have done exactly the same. I know you are only joking with me; but although, madam, I never was at a play in London, yet I have seen acting before in the country, and the king for my money. He spoke all his words distinctly, and half as loud again as the other. Any body may see he is an actor."

It is impossible to imagine a finer compliment to the superlative skill of the actor which personated nature so exactly, that it was mistaken by the countryman for it.

If nature had done little, comparatively speaking, for Garrick, except endowing him with these wonderful powers, the same cannot be said of the majestic actress who, after him, sustained the dignity of the British stage. Mrs. Siddons was born a great tragedian. Every quality, physical and mental, requisite for the formation of that character, appears to have been combined in that wonderful woman. A noble countenance, cast in the finest Roman model; dark eyes and eyebrows; a profusion of black hair; a lofty figure and majestic mien; a powerful and sonorous, but yet melodious voice; were the advantages which nature gave her to follow out her elevated destiny. Her mind corresponded with this dignified exterior. It was essentially heroic. Sir Joshua Reynolds' noble picture of her, seated in the old English arm-chair, as the muse of tragedy, embodies the finest conception of her character. She had not the quickness of Garrick's observation, the marvellous versatility of his powers. There was a certain degree of sameness in all her representations; but it was the sameness of the Iliad or the Paradise Lost. Her mind appeared to be so elevated, that she could personate, in perfection at least, none but lofty and heroic character. Like Corneille, she could not descend to common life; the heroine was ever apparent. In private society, she was stately and unbending; her most intimate friends could scarcely approach her without awe. She had no playfulness of disposition, no abandon about her; the tragedy queen was ever apparent. But she poured forth to perfection the passions of that character. The world had never seen—perhaps it will never again see—anything comparable to her delineation of female characters of a lofty and dignified description on the British stage. Queen Constance, Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Haller, Jane Shore, and others of that description, were those which suited her best; and the softening of such characters by suffering, or their rousing by ambition, were exhibited by her with the utmost power of the tragic art.

It was not in these characters only, however, that Mrs. Siddons excelled. Nature had apparently intended her for them; but her genius caused her to embrace a wider range. Belvidera, Desdemona, Juliet, Cordelia, Ophelia, Mrs. Beverley, were also constantly acted by her, and with never-failing effect. But this effect arose from her perfect command of tragic emotion; it was in the terrible, not the winning scenes that she was supremely great. She was too dignified, too proud, too lofty to personate the attractive with entire success. None could fail to admire, but scarce any could think of loving her. The man who ventured to do so would have expected to be withered by a glance. You might as well have thought of falling in love with a queen on the throne. It was when the characters she represented were broken by suffering that her astonishing powers shone in their full lustre. Thus it was not Juliet charming all the world by the grace of her movements in the masquerade, or her tenderness in the balcony scene, but Juliet contemplating with horror her resurrection amidst her ancestors' bones, or expiring in the arms of Romeo, in front of the tomb of the Capulets, which riveted every eye, and melted every heart in the audience. It was not Belvidera persuading Jaffier to betray his comrade, by the witchery of all-powerful love, but Belvidera when she hears the fatal bells toll on the scaffold, or where she goes mad at the recital of the tragic scene which then ensued, which is indelibly imprinted on the recollection of all who witnessed it. But when she did come to the scenes of woe, Mrs. Siddons was marvellously powerful. Inaccessible to the softer, she seems to have felt the full force of the sterner passions. The thrill of horror, the wail of anguish, the main cry of madness were represented by her with inimitable effect. Her scream, when she fell on her knees, in Belvidera, and said, "I'll dig," can never be forgot by any who heard it. At the distance of five-and-thirty years, it is as present to the memory as the first moment the words were uttered.

Although Mrs. Siddons constantly acted the tragic characters in Shakspeare, she was not altogether Shakspearian in her ideas. Her mien was too dignified, her figure too commanding, her mind too lofty to embrace the variety of characters which floated into the mind of the bard of Avon. It would be unjust to say she was always on stilts, for she often thrilled every heart when she came off them; but she was on them sufficiently often to impress that as the general character of her mind. The Greek drama would have suited her better than the romantic. She would have made a noble Antigone, and personated to perfection the daughter of Agamemnon. Albeit born in England, and nursed from her infancy to the study of the romantic drama, she seemed to have embraced more closely the spirit of Corneille than of Shakspeare in her acting. France never produced any thing comparable to the genius with which she would have represented the heroines of Cinna, the Cid, or Polyeucte. She would have made a great Zayre or Alzire; but the tenderness of Racine would have failed in her hands. Garrick was superior to her in observation of nature—greatly so in versatility of genius; but he was far inferior in the delineation

of passion in great and heroic minds. That she took from nature ; but it was nature seen through the medium of her own disposition, and stamped with its image and superscription.

Theatrical genius seemed to have been inherent in the Kemble blood. It is hard to say, whether John Kemble was greater as an actor, or his sister, Mrs. Siddons, as an actress. His mind was cast in the same mould ; but its features in some respects were different from hers. He had the same tendency to the grand and the heroic—unbending firmness, unconquerable courage, Roman magnanimity, were what he loved to represent, and in which he chiefly excelled. But he had more versatility of power than his majestic sister. King Lear, Macbeth, Othello, were performed by him with as much success as Brutus, Cato, or Coriolanus. *The Stranger* was one of his greatest pieces. The character of Haller, worn down by grief, emaciated by anguish, firm in resolution, but writhing under emotion, suited his peculiar and transcendent power. He portrayed to the life the idea of Virgil—

"Nullis ille movetur
Fletibus, aut voces ullas tractabiles audit
Fata obstant, placidasque viri deus obstruit aures.
Assiduus hinc atque hinc, vocibus heros,
Tunditur et magno persentit pectore curas
Mens immota manet ; lachrymæ volvuntur inanes."

Kemble's figure and countenance were admirably adapted to the representation of melancholy or dignified character. Both were heroic. Cast in the Roman mould, his face had the high features, stern expression, and lofty air which spring from magnanimity of soul and conscious lustre of descent. His air, step, and manner on the stage were entirely in unison with this character ; though not tall, his majestic carriage and firm step bespoke the heroic mind. He walked the boards like Coriolanus ; his seat at the council was that of Cato ; Brutus could not with more dignity have drawn his sword from his scabbard. His voice was husky, and generally in a kind of sing-song, but powerful in his burst of passion. It is probable that his style of acting would not meet with the same unqualified admiration now which it did in his time ; it was better suited to an heroic than a utilitarian age. It would now be complained of as stiff and unnatural. It bespoke the period which achieved the victories of Nelson and Wellington, rather than that which raised a monument to a successful railway speculator. But it is not on that account likely to be the less elevating, or to have approached less closely to the eternal standard of ideal perfection.

Kemble was a great antiquarian. He had closely studied the dress, arms, accoutrements, architecture, and furniture of former ages, and portrayed them, with admirable fidelity, on the stage. His flowing white robes in Cato, his glittering helmet in Coriolanus, his broad short sword in Brutus, are yet present to the recollection of all who witnessed them. These adjuncts to theatrical effect are not to be despised, even by the most exalted genius. They constitute part of its charming illusion ; it is no small addition to a noble performance to see the whole, still life with which it is surrounded, a complete realization of former times ; to behold again revived, the exact feudal armies of Henry V. or Hotspur ; to see Othello arrayed in the true garb of Venetian wealth, and Brutus or Coriolanus walking the boards, with the air and arms of Roman warriors. Immense was the attention which Kemble bestowed on this subject. So strongly did it occupy his mind, so largely did it influence his conversation, that one was sometimes almost tempted to think that nature had destined him rather for an antiquarian than a tragedian. But when he appeared on the stage in the characters he had thus arrayed with so much ease in the garb and panoply of former times, it at once was seen to what end that ancient lore had been applied. It was all brought to bear on the graphic delineation of character ; it was as an adjunct of mind, that matter was to him so much the object of study. It was the combination of both which constituted the magical illusion of his performance.

"Time may again revive,
But ne'er eclipse the charm,
When Cato spoke in him alive,
Or Hotspur kindled warm.
What soul was not resigned entire
To the deep sorrows of the Moor,
What English heart was not on fire,
With him at Agincourt ?
And yet a majesty possessed
His transport's most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of his breast
The Graces gave their zone.
Fair as some classic dome
Robust and richly graced,
Your Kemble's spirit was the home
Of genius and of taste :
Taste like the silent dial's power,
That when supernal light is given,
Can measure inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in heaven,
At once ennobled and correct,
His mind surveyed the tragic page,
And what the actor could effect,
The scholar could presage."

Kemble's style of acting, as his cast of mind, was at bottom the same as that of Mrs. Siddons, and that circumstance rather diminished than enhanced the effect of their performing together. They were too similar in mind as well as body, they were brother and sister—they could never be lovers. As the hero and heroine are generally in the latter predicament, it may be conceived how much this similarity took away from the effect of two performers of opposite sexes, but each of such transcendent excellence, acting at the same time. Yet was the impression produced by this combination of talent great indeed, and such as amply to justify the glowing lines of the poet :—

"And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliary power
And sister magic came ;
Together at the Muses' side
The tragic paragons had grown—
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne ;
And undivided favour ran
From heart to heart in their applause,
Save for the gallantry of man,
In lovelier woman's cause."

But if the similarity of Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in character and style of acting marred in a certain degree the effect of their playing together, the same could not be said of the great successor of the latter on the tragic stage, with whom in his later years he not unfrequently performed. Miss O'Neill was the worthy successor of Mrs. Siddons in her noble art, and yet she differed from her in so many particulars, that the full effect of her playing with John Kemble was brought forth. Inferior to her great predecessor in majesty of figure and grandeur of conception, to Miss Helen Faucit in winning grace and captivating playfulness, she was equal to either in the delineation of the pathetic, in the representation of the heart-rending passions which have been conceived by the great masters of the dramatic art. She was not so tall as Mrs. Siddons, and had neither her commanding air nor majestic features. Her countenance, chiselled with a perfection which statuary could scarcely imitate, was rendered more attractive by the perfect beauty and almost pellucid clearness of her skin. Without being dark, her hair was fine : her figure, though not lofty, was cast in the finest proportions. Her disposition led her to the representation of sorrow and tenderness ; and no human being ever portrayed the sufferings of woman in greater perfection. She had not the playfulness of manner which wins the heart in lighter characters, or in serious characters in their happier hours ; gravity of demeanour was her general characteristic. But when the passions were roused, when woe was felt, when the terrible was to be represented, nothing could exceed the magnificence of her powers. It was not the heroine or tragedy queen relenting or broken down by suffering, like Mrs. Siddons, that appeared : it was the sensitive and affectionate woman who stood revealed in all the simplicity of genuine distress. Nothing could exceed her pathetic powers. She was conscious of them, and brought them forth, whenever the occasion would permit, in their full force. In the last scenes of *Belvidera* and *Juliet* she more continuously represented the extremity of woe than either Mrs. Siddons or Miss Helen Faucit, though she could not exceed them in the vehemence and effect of their occasional bursts of uncontrollable passion.

It is surprising how much the impression, even of the greatest acting, is enhanced by being performed along with another performer of equal powers. The extreme rarity of such a combination increases its effect : it is hardly ever seen by any one on more than a few occasions during a whole life-time ; but when it is, it can never be forgotten. It was the rare good fortune of both France and England thirty years ago to possess this singular combination of genius at the same time : for Talma and Mlle Georges were performing at the Theatre Francaise, at the moment that Kemble and Miss O'Neill were captivating every heart at Covent Garden. Though the great English tragedian was then advanced in years, and stooped considerably in private, the energy of his spirit threw off every physical weakness when he appeared on the stage ; Coriolanus, or Hotspur never trod the field of battle with more majesty than he did the boards. Miss O'Neill was then in the zenith of her charms ; young, beautiful, and enchanting. The disparity of years was forgotten when they appeared together. Age seemed reluctant to invade the sanctuary of so much genius. They realized in a degree of perfection perhaps never before witnessed, the beautiful lines of Milton :

"Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed :
For valor he and contemplation formed ;
For beauty she and sweet attractive grace :
He for God only ; she for God in him."

Of all the characters which these two great performers played together, the most admirable were *The Stranger* and Mrs. Haller. They seemed conceived by the poet for their respective excellencies. The melancholy expression, gaunt visage, and sepulchral voice of Kemble suited *The Stranger*, as well as the marble hue, plaintive voice and pathetic manner, of Miss O'Neill were adapted for Mrs. Haller. She was the most perfect image in that character from which a painter would have taken his conception of a lovely Magdalene. Nothing could exceed the impression produced when she threw herself on the ground, and said, "I am that wretch." It was the agony of repentance in the confession of crime. When Kemble, in the touching interview with her in the last act, used the expression,

"— You see it
Here in my faded form, here in my sunken cheek."

the image of heart stricken woe stood before you, and the look and manner added the form of reality to the words. But the crowning scene of the whole was the last, when the children were brought in. Such was the impression then produced on the audience, that two thirds of them were invariably dissolved in tears ; and when, overcome with the flood of paternal tenderness, they rushed into each other's arms, the curtain fell amidst transports which never since have been equalled on the British stage.

Notwithstanding these high excellencies, and the magnificent exterior which nature had given her for their exhibition, Miss O'Neill had not much original genius. She struck out nothing new in her characters ; she did not, like Mrs. Siddons, electrify the audience by a look or gesture never thought of by the poet, but adding tenfold to the force of his lines, and in perfect harmony with his conceptions. She worked out with admirable effect the idea of the character presented in the drama, and brought her wonderful persuasive and pathetic powers to give it its full development. But that was the limit of her greatness. She did not originate : she brought out the poet's idea, and nothing more. No man could say that her acting had given him a new conception of a character ; it had only realized what his had already formed. Nothing could exceed her histrionic powers ; but she had not the creative soul within her. None could perform better ; but she could not have composed a tragedy. She had not the awful majesty of Mrs. Siddons, nor the winning playfulness of Miss Faucit : persuasive earnestness, deep pathos, were her peculiar gifts, and her figure and countenance enabled her to represent them with the highest possible effect. In that branch of her art, she could not be exceeded.

* The greatest actress now on the stage, and whose profound reflection entitles all her opinions to the highest respect, has made a change in the close of this drama : she makes Mrs. Haller fall back in a faint as the curtain falls, and no appearance of reconciliation is presented to the audience. Her idea, apparently, is, that the fault of Mrs. Haller could not be forgiven, at least in this world ; and she leaves it uncertain whether she dies or recovers. The change was in accordance with the high standard or moral feeling, which characterizes all Miss Helen Faucit's conceptions. But we own we felt something of disappointment when the well remembered rush of the long severed parents at the voice of their children was no longer seen, and doubt whether any but the most virtuous emotions could be produced by such a touching exhibition on the stage, especially when preceded by such deep felt woe on both sides. The common idea of that offence being unpardonable suits rather the pride of man, than either the feelings of generosity, or the precepts of religion.

FRENCH HEROISM.

NARRATIVE OF CAPTAIN DE M., A YOUNG CAVALRY OFFICER, ATTACHED TO THE STAFF OF GENERAL B., IN ALGIERS.

On the 19th of September, 1845, General B. directed me to proceed to the eastern part of the Algerine Tell, in order to make him an exact report on the condition of the two posts of Djamma-Grazabouat and Tlemcen; I was, besides, the bearer of a despatch for Lieutenant-Colonel Montagnac, of the 15th Light Infantry.

On reaching Djamma, on the 22d, in the evening, I was surprised to find the garrison much reduced, and a kind of desert appearance in that small place. Captain V. told me that, on the afternoon of the preceding day, Colonel Montagnac had taken about 420 men from the 8th Chasseurs d'Orléans and the 2d Hussars, and directed his march toward the tribe of the Sou-Alia, to protect them against the Beni-Ouersous, then in full revolt. I questioned the Captain on the manner in which this news had been transmitted to Col. de Montagnac, and was struck with a sinister presentiment, when I heard that Ben-Musa, a chief I too well knew, had had an interview with him, after which the Arab had started a-head, in order, he said, to prepare the faithful tribes for the aid they were about to receive.

It was nine at night when this information was given me; I scarcely allowed my horses time to blow, and started in all haste in the direction of Sidi Brahimi, on the route of the small column. Thanks to my speed, and especially to the halt of the troops at Sadi Brahimi during the whole night of the 22d, I reached the rear guard at the moment the head of the column was entering the small plain of Dar-el-foul, distant about 7 kilometres.

"Where is Col. Montagnac?" I asked a sergeant, in a brief tone.

"At the head of the column, captain," he answered, "you arrive just as the music is commencing."

It was true, for, at the same instant, I heard a brisk fire of musketry in front. I tried to open a passage for my horse; Commandant Froment Lacoste ordered it to be opened for me; he was marching at the head of three companies of his fine battalion, reduced to 360 men. We saluted each other at a distance; he cried coolly to me—"You arrive too late; I believe the Colonel has got into the snare."

The squadron of the 2d Hussars, commanded by M. Cousby de Cognord, formed the advance guard, and moved in two platoons. As soon as I could approach, I perceived Col. de Montagnac, mounted, in advance of the front. The plain was alive with Kabyles, infantry and cavalry, firing on our hussars. At the command of the Colonel, the latter made a vigorous charge, which cleared the plain momentarily; but the first ranks of the enemy, that had been sabred or run over, were quickly replaced by others, and soon the two platoons saw themselves surrounded by a thick mass of Arabs, who opened a terrible fire on our troopers, enclosed on every side. Montagnac perceived me at that moment; he was pale, highly moved, but calm and resolved.

"It is not the moment to read despatches," he said, with a bitter smile—"I am entrapped; there is nothing left me but to sell dearly the lives of my men. Run to Commandant Froment Lacoste, tell him to launch forward his two first companies; the third will remain in reserve and guard the bags (bread sacks)."

I galloped off—250 determined men are something after all; so, when I saw those brave Chasseurs d'Orléans, charging with their broad bayonets, I believed, for a moment, they were going to sweep that horde of barbarians. They made, at first, a wide opening before them, piercing and beating back hundreds of Kabyles; but Colonel de Montagnac had just been killed, leaving M. Froment Lacoste the chief command. We were advancing both in a line, he on foot, I on horseback. We had scarcely gone fifty paces when he fell dead with a ball in his heart, and the hideous curtain of white phantoms riddled us with a hail of lead, closed nearer and nearer upon us, every instant more threatening. Our chasseurs formed the square and continued a well sustained fire on the Arabs; but every minute the sinister cry of "close the ranks" announced that one or two of our brave fellows had fallen. Seeing the sides of the square reduced to eight or ten men, I thought it time to call the reserve of Captain Gereaux to extricate us. But how to get out of the square?—a wall of bodies two feet high surrounded the remnant of the French battalion. I put my spurs to my horse, which, happily had lost none of his vigor; he leaped over that palpitating barrier, overset a Kabyle who barred my way, and, with a few sabre cuts, I succeeded in reaching the carabineers. M. de Gereaux was running up at double-quick time, and, at half-musket shot, made on the Kabyles, taken in the rear, a discharge that brought some twenty to the ground. Then the carabineers threw themselves on them with fixed bayonets.

From that moment I cannot say exactly what happened, for my horse fell under me, and rolled in the dust, hit in two places. I remained some time stunned by my fall, when I returned to my senses found myself almost alone in the midst of expiring Kabyles. The fight continued on my right, and raising myself up on my elbow, I could get a glimpse of the guidon of the French carabineers, marching in good order to an old abandoned marabout. Fear of being taken, more than of being killed, gave me strength. I finished, with a pistol shot, my faithful steed Ali, which was struggling in agony, looking at me with that expressive eye of the Arabian horse, and hastened to get on the track of the carabineers; fortunately, I was neither stopped nor pursued, for I was much weakened by my fall and some light wounds, and I had to walk long before I could overtake them.

Captain de Gereaux, with his 80 men, was performing, before 4000 Arabs, howling with rage, a retreat worthy of that of the 10,000. At last, notwithstanding the efforts of the enemy, we succeeded in throwing ourselves in the marabout, surrounded by a small yard and wall about four feet high. Our men, entrenched behind that obstacle, opened so murderous a fire on the most daring of them that they gave way. Night was coming on, and the Emir surrounded our marabout with numerous posts, and the firing ceased on both sides.

We were worn out with fatigue, but this was no time to take rest. We went to work actively to open loopholes in the wall. Sabres, bayonets, everything were put in requisition, to uncement the stones, and, as well as we could, by the light of stars and pipes, we succeeded in making about forty openings, through which we could pass musket barrels. But all that gave nothing either to eat or to drink, and, for eighteen hours, no one had swallowed anything. The bags were emptied, and twelve loaves of bread, three pounds of biscuit, and four flasks of brandy or absynth, were found—but little for 80 men; so the distribution of rations was moderate, particularly in view of the morrow. We were blockaded by 4000 Kabyles, and who could say how long it might last? The inspection of our ammunition followed; it was terrifying—there remained but twenty cartridges a-piece.

To prolong our defence, Captain de Gereaux had the bullets cut in four—it was the last occupation of the first night.

At break of day we were saluted with a hail of shots, the balls of which were carefully picked up by the drummers, to be returned in good time. When our loopholes were all manned, we allowed the approach of the Kabyle horsemen, who were skirmishing round us upright on the stirrup, brandishing their long guns. A discharge, every shot of which told, brought down twenty of them. As to myself, as I had no gun, and my pistols were left in the holsters of my poor Ali's saddle, I had taken, on the terrace of the marabout, the post of advance sentinel, and gave Capt. de Gereaux notice of all the movements of the enemy. Furious at being hit without being able to reach us, the Arabs dispersed themselves on the four sides of our block-house, and endeavored to carry it by an impetuous charge executed simultaneously; but every where the loopholes vomited a murderous hail. Tired at last of losing, uselessly, horses and riders, they retired behind an undulation of ground.

The day passed off quietly without a fresh attack, for we were exhausted, our provisions consumed; and I dare not say to what beverage we had recourse, not to perish with thirst and heat. There was little sleep during the night, but with the dawn our indefatigable assailants presented themselves, as numerous and more enraged. I thought I got a glimpse of the standard of the Emir, with its black flag; but what I saw distinctly, and what made my blood boil with fury, was the hyena face of the traitor Ben Musa, who, riding among the groups, was launching forward the Kabyles to feast on our exhausted bodies. I jumped to a loophole, seized the musket of a soldier, and took aim at the vile wretch; but probably rage obscured my vision or made my hand unsteady—I hit only his horse, but I saw him roll in the dust with indescribable pleasure.

Toward noon the Emir sent us a summons to surrender, by one of our comrades, made a prisoner on the first day, with a promise that we should be well treated. I need not say what answer we sent. The brave chasseur who had been sent as a flag had added at the risk of his ears—"Don't surrender."

The fire of musketry at once recommenced, but our ammunition was drawing to an end, and when night fell, we had neither powder nor ball left. We were exhausted with fatigue—hunger was gnawing us, and our throats were as dry as parchment.

"Comrades," said the brave De Gereaux, "we have not a shot left; instead of dying here with hunger and thirst, let us cut our way through those Bedouin brigands."

The proposal was met with hurrahs. The marabout that had sheltered us is situated about 3 leagues South-west of Djamma-Grazabouat; by directing our march to the North-west, we must get nearer to it. Before break of day, our small body sallied out of the marabout; it was a solemn moment. For half-an-hour we advanced without any obstacle but feeble posts, that fell back before us. But soon horsemen, galloping upon our flanks, threw themselves on that feeble column; our men, formed in square, received them on their bayonets, with the steadiness of a brass wall. Horses and riders spiked themselves and fell at the feet of that living fort.

Unfortunately the infernal Ben Musa had come to superintend this butchery; he saw it from a distance only; we must be exterminated, and, by his order, a cloud of sharpshooters began on us a murderous fire. The brave Capt. Gereaux fell one of the first, mortally wounded; I tried to carry him along, with the assistance of his first sergeant, but the latter's thigh was broken by a shot. Our ranks were visibly thinning; we had been an hour on our march only, and forty of us had already fallen. We were not destined, however, to perish all. It was with a cry of joy and deliverance, we heard the first fires exchanged between the Kabyles and the garrison of Djamma hastening at last to our assistance. We were but fifteen men standing.

Capt. de M., two months afterwards was commissioned chef d'escadron (major of cavalry) in the second Lancers.

OUVRARD, AND THE FATAL REGIMENTALS.

Some time after the fall of Robespierre, there happened to be a large party at the house of Madame Tallien. It was more or less a political meeting, wherein the approaching "13 Vendémiaire" was duly concerted. Far in the shade, and apart from the rest of the company, was a young man whose appearance was by no means favorable to the supposition that he was in good circumstances, and whose eye wandered from the dazzling uniform of Hoche, to the almost aerial habiliments of the fair hostess. She perceived it, smiled, rose, and approaching him—"I have good news for you," said she—"you will have your *culottes*!"

It must here be stated, that by a law of the "Year III.," to officers on active service, cloth was given for a complete uniform, including coat, waistcoat, and pantaloons, or *culottes*; but the young man had vainly applied for his, for he was only *officier à la suite*.

"I have spoken to Lefèvre," continued Madame Tallien, "and I have succeeded in *corrupting* him! Go, see him, as from me, and he will order you to have your *culottes*."

The young officer thanked his patroness, bowed, and was about to leave, when on turning, he perceived behind him a person who had evidently overheard all—and who *smiled*.

This individual was OUVRARD, and the young officer was NAPOLEON.

The latter blushed; bit his lips; and from that moment conceived for the Financier a hatred which grew daily more intense. Its effects were sufficiently obvious. Ouvrard lent ten millions to the Directory. Buonaparte was then in Egypt; and on his return was made Consul. The loan was immediately referred to the law of the "Year VII." Ouvrard's credit was much affected by this circumstance; but it was only a preface to other acts; it was "wrinkle" the first.

The scarcity of 1802 arrived. Napoleon was much agitated by the event, and actively inquired into the Depôts and their accumulations. Ouvrard appeared determined to exhibit his talents in these circumstances, and to eclipse the First Consul.

He boasted that for twenty-six millions he would supply France with grain through the port of Havre. He was taken at his word. With the last arrivals, the crisis ceased, and he presented his drafts on the Treasury—but the reply was, that there was no money in the state coffers. Ouvrard lost 500,000 francs in negotiation, and was not reimbursed for eighteen months! He was also required to take 50 per cent. off his commission; but he resisted this so energetically, that they would not pay him at all! This second "wrinkle" cost Ouvrard 50,000*l*.

The preparations for a descent upon England having been determined on, Ouvrard was applied to to advance the means, and dared not refuse. He

accepted the contracts for six years, and at the close of the year following, the advances amounted to sixty-eight millions.

Napoleon had always the accounts lying on the chimney-slab, and now and then, when glancing at it, would remark, as if thinking aloud, "Ah! I imagine Ouvrard must *not* be getting into some little difficulty!"

Little!—poor Ouvrard had to dispose of his lands at Preuilly, Azai, Châteauneuf, Luciennes, and in Germany; and his houses in Paris—in short, he was relieved by this third "wrinkle" of an additional forty millions.

Bonaparte became Emperor. Spain had agreed to a subsidy of seventy-two millions of francs; thirty-two millions were due, but had not been paid. Napoleon exchanged the credit for this sum with Ouvrard, and gave him his passport for Spain. On arriving at Madrid, he went at once to the Prince of Peace, who exhibited to him the coffers of the nation. They were empty. "Ah! well," remarked the Financier, not losing one jot of heart, "we must fill them!"

"I think," rejoined the Prince, "it would be easier to fill the ragged pockets of an Hidalgo."

Ouvrard thought otherwise—and undertook to perform the miracle. He knew that 71,000,000 of piasters were due to Spain from Mexico—and were then actually in the Treasury of that country. He solicited from Charles IV. the exclusive commerce of the "Americas." His energies were so extraordinary, that they overturned all scruple, and made enthusiasts of the coldest—the King, Queen, Prince of Peace, and the great Officers of State, were willing to go with him all lengths—and an agreement of the most extraordinary and unheard-of kind was forthwith entered into between the King (the King, mark that!) and Ouvrard, by which they became partners, under the firm of "Ouvrard and Co.!" From that moment the Financier regarded Spain as *his*—he would enrich it and himself—tear it from England—throw it into the arms of France, &c. &c.; but the *San culotte* of "l'An III." had prepared a fourth "wrinkle" for him!

The Treasury of the Empire was in a pitiable state; a recent panic had caused suspension of payments at the Bank. Ouvrard had engagements of his own, which his agent in Paris could not meet. Buonaparte heard of this, and was also informed that Mademoiselle Georges was sometimes a visitor at Rainey, the residence of Ouvrard. (Ah! Mademoiselle Georges! ah! Lavalliere!)

"Sir," said Buonaparte, "you have dared to abase Royalty to a level with Trade!"

"Sire! Kings cannot do without Commerce; and Commerce——"

"Cannot do without Kings. 'Tis well. Make good the deficiencies of the Bank; place at my disposition all your Spanish piastres."

"But, Sire! what will my partner say?"

"I shall send him 500,000 men!"—and forthwith was signed the decree which broke up the firm of "Ouvrard and Co." and created for him another immense loss.

This Spanish affair might have changed the face of European events, if Napoleon had not allowed his hate of Ouvrard to outweigh all other considerations, and to originate the war of 1808.

Ah! how true is it that every great occurrence has its *homunculus*, its infinitesimal commencement;—how fatal to Ouvrard and to Europe the *culottes* of young Napoleon!

However, the talents, probity, and untiring energy of Ouvrard were more than a match for loss and disappointment that would have sunk the heart of any other man, as the later career of the recently deceased millionaire so abundantly proves.

London Court Journal

Miscellaneous Articles.

THE LATE M. OUVRARD, THE FINANCIER.

The following curious account of the army contractor, M. Ouvrard, is from the *Paris Siecle*.—The fame of Ouvrard was founded on his singular aptitude for realising millions; the *clat* of the part that he performed was entirely produced by the talent that he displayed in the mode of spending his money. There was in him the complete financier, and, what is very rare, the financier in this case was also the *homme d'esprit*. Born in the middle class, he had the rare advantage of making his fortune at an age when it is well to be rich, viz. at twenty. The revolution having broken out, he foresaw that the conflict of political discussion would cause the production and distribution of an immense number of books, pamphlets, and journals, and, by contracts cleverly made, he monopolised all the paper that could be manufactured for two years, at the paper mills of Poitou and the Angoumois. His anticipations were realised and he gained three hundred thousand francs by the first affair. He was then scarcely nineteen years old. The revolution, however, which struck the wealthy as well as noble, checked his progress; and in order to escape the danger which menaced him, the young financier fled to the camps, and sought protection under the mouths of the cannon. As soon as the worst days of the revolution were over, he threw off his uniform and returned to Paris. At twenty-six years of age, Ouvrard was worth ten millions of francs. He was at that time tall, well made, of a remarkably handsome face, and full of wit, imagination, and ardour. One day, when Bonaparte, who had only just received the baptism of fame, was at Madame Tallien's, a numerous circle surrounded the young general, listening to his conversation, but suddenly the door opened, and M. Ouvrard entered. The circle almost instantly separated, leaving General Bonaparte alone, in vain attempting to find a listener; everybody crowded round the idol of the day. Ouvrard little dreamed what a powerful and irreconcilable enemy he had thus created. Some time afterwards, Bonaparte, who was soliciting the command of the army of Italy, went one morning to Barras, at the Luxembourg. He was told that he was engaged, and was obliged to wait two hours, burning with anger and impatience. At length he heard a loud laugh, and the door of the director's room opening, he saw him come out with his visitor—his visitor was Ouvrard. When Barras had taken leave of Ouvrard in the most friendly manner, he turned round to Bonaparte, and said, "You were there, then?" Bonaparte replied that he had been there for two hours. "Ah! diable," said Barras, "you have shown great patience; I did not know you possessed that virtue, which, however, is a very useful one for any man who hopes to make his way. You will rise, *mon cher*." "I hope so," replied Bonaparte. Barras then added, "But if you have waited two hours, you owe it to Ouvrard. There is no leaving him when you have once listened to him. But this is not his sole merit. If he shines in frivolous things, he excels in serious ones. I know of no friend so precious for a government that wants money; with him I am never at a loss; he is able to create resources under all circumstances, and can find veins of gold in the most sterile grounds." These eulogiums from the lips of Barras were not of a nature to remove the aversion which Bonaparte al-

ready felt for Ouvrard. As soon as he had become first consul, the persecutions of the financier commenced. Ouvrard was arrested; seals were put upon his papers, which six counsellors were ordered to examine; and the hatred of the consul received fresh food from the discovery of several letters written to the financier by Madame Beauharnais and Madame Bonaparte. These letters were urgent applications for money, and Ouvrard had become a creditor of the property which Bonaparte had with his wife. When the first consul became emperor, the persecutions against Ouvrard recommenced. Ouvrard struggled valiantly. The edifice of his fortune resisted the most violent attacks, and rose upon its ruins. The financier made the most splendid use of his opulence; he displayed the greatest luxury, and received the most brilliant society at his hotel in Paris, and at his magnificent chateau at Raincy, formerly the property of the Orleans family. In the country, he used to say with a laugh, "I have three ministers of state for porters." The fact was, that Talleyrand, Berthier, and Decres each occupied one of the elegant pavilions which formed, as it were, the lodges of the park of Raincy. Discontented with the imperial government, Ouvrard went to Spain, where his talents as a financier were so well appreciated that King Charles IV. did not disdain to enter into a partnership with him for a trade with America. But the hatred of Napoleon and his ministers pursued him beyond the Pyrenees. Ouvrard was compelled to dissolve his partnership with the King of Spain, and to return to Paris, where he had not been long before he became the victim of fresh chicanery, and was imprisoned in the chateau of Vincennes. He never recovered from these last blows; the restoration, however, lent him a hand, by appointing him *munitionnaire general* of the army of Spain, commanded by the Duc d'Angoulême. Ouvrard had still a good number of millions, but his debts were considerable, and nothing could induce him to part with his property to pay them, which would have left him, perhaps, with only five or six hundred thousand francs a year. He preferred to this honest mediocrity, a fictitious and stormy opulence. His system consisted in paying nobody. He sold all his estates, and turned them into money. Lawsuits and judgments did not terrify him: at last, however, he was arrested, and shut up at Sainte Pelagie, for a debt of five millions, due to M. Seguin, another millionaire, as great an original as himself. Ouvrard passed five years in prison: this was a million a-year that he gained; for at the end of the five years fixed by the law, his debt was paid by his incarceration, and his creditor gained nothing. After the episode of his captivity, Ouvrard fell into complete obscurity, and his death became necessary, in order that he might be again talked of.

ANECDOTE OF SHELLEY.

I had crossed the fine fields between Highgate and Hampstead to the latter place, when just entering on the heath, at rather a late hour, I was startled by a sort of disturbance among a few persons at the door of a large house. Drawing near, I perceived what seemed the lifeless body of a woman, by the imperfect light of one lantern, upheld in a half-sitting posture, with lolling head, by a tall young man, evidently no vulgar brawler by his speech, but in a highly excited state, who seemed disposed to force an entrance with his senseless charge, which two or three men-servants resisted. There was a voice, or more than one, almost screaming from within,—the tall stranger's tones were as high with-out; all were too busy to have satisfied any inquiry; and in the midst of the uproar, the sound of wheels was heard—it was the carriage of the master of the mansion returning home. To him, who seemed astonished at the scene, the friend of the dead or dying woman turned, and detained him on the steps of the carriage, before he could set foot on the ground, pointing at the same time to the female figure. The servants, however, quickly explaining the cause of the turmoil, angry words passed, and he was no nearer to his benevolent object—the introducing his burthen (which he had brought on his back from heaven knows where) into the house. Some wine, and restoratives, and volatile essences, and smelling bottles, were sent out from the dwelling, and I was gratified to find the "suspended animation" of the sufferer itself happily suspended so far as to admit the entrance of a whole glass of wine, her deglutition seeming to me better "than could be expected." It was a young woman in dragged plight, but her features were hardly visible where I stood. Her humane but unreflecting friend had found her in a fit, or fainting from illness, and insisted, on the score of humanity, on the admission for the night of this poor woman into the strange gentleman's house; so I was informed afterwards. He forgot that he himself, being unknown, the inmates might justly fear that it was a *ruse* to rob the house, concocted between some "Jack Sheppard" of the day and his lady; or even if he could have proved his own respectability, he could not answer for hers. The air was no bad aid to recovery from syncope, and every relief but a lodging was afforded, as I have shown. This did not content Percy Bysshe Shelley, for he it was; but he vociferated a philippic against the selfishness of the aristocracy; he almost wept; he stood prophesying downfall to the unfeeling higher orders! a servile war! a second edition, in England, of the bloody tragedy of the French revolution, and I know not what more; the gentleman being at all this very indignant, and the servants insolently bantering him. Indeed, one could not well wonder at this, for his gestures and deportment were like those of a madman. Meanwhile, his female *protege*, finding attention directed from herself to the parties quarrelling, very quietly adjusted her drapery, seemingly making up her mind that no more relief was likely to be forthcoming; and I fancied that her tones, when she made some passing remark, were of the harsh, hoarse, unfeminine kind, which is soon acquired by those wretched women who perambulate London streets after nightfall, in cold and damp weather, when on the very brink of starvation. I believe she proved to be one of those characters, or an impostor, or both—she did not appear to be drunk, as the servants would have it she was. It was not until a week afterwards, I heard from a literary friend living on Hampstead Heath, that this was Shelley. I know not how he got rid of his reviving companion, for I left the spot in the midst of his oration. It was a strong practical illustration of Shelley's theoretical monomania of philanthropy—that fine, but preposterous excess of humanity, that almost drove him melancholy mad over the condition of man. He wished to make a new world, where men should be angels, and died too soon to learn that he must take the world as he found it, and perhaps, by such patient reconciliation to its wretchedness and errors, he would have found it very tolerable at least.—*Pen and Ink Sketches of Poets, Preachers, and Politicians.*

XYLOIDINE.

M. Pelouze, at the Academy, on the 2d November, says, on the subject of gun-cotton: "Although M. Schonbein has not published the nature or mode of preparation of his cotton, it is evident that the properties which he assigns to it can only apply to xyloidine. Reasoning on the hypothesis that the *poudre-coton* is nothing else than xyloidine, I may be permitted to say a few words with respect to its history, and of some of its properties. Xyloidine was discovered

in 1833 by M. Braconnet, of Nancy. He prepared it by dissolving starch and some other organic substances in nitric acid, and precipitating these solutions in water. In a note inserted in the *Comptes rendus de l'Académie des Sciences* in 1838, I shewed that the xyloidine resulted from the union of the elements of the nitric acid with those of starch, and explained, by this composition, the excessive combustibility of the substance produced. I ascertained—and this I think is a very important result in the history of the applications of xyloidine—that, instead of preparing it by dissolving the cellulose, it might be obtained with infinitely greater facility and economy by simply impregnating paper, cotton, and hemp with concentrated nitric acid; and that these organic matters thus treated took fire at 180 degrees, and burnt almost without residuum, and with excessive energy; but I think it right to add, that I never for an instant had an idea of their use as a substitute for gunpowder. The merit of this application belongs entirely to M. Schonbein. Eight years ago, however, I prepared an inflammable paper by plunging into concentrated nitric acid, a sheet of paper known in commerce by the name of *papier-ministre*. After leaving it there for twenty minutes, I washed it in a large quantity of water, and dried it in a gentle heat. I have recently tried this paper in a pistol, and with about three grains pierced a plank two centimetres in thickness (about three quarters of an inch), at a distance of twenty-five metres." The results of experiments at Paris, under authority, were communicated to the Academy on the 9th inst. The proved advantages of the gun-cotton appear to be, cleanliness, rapid combustion without solid residue, the absence of bad smell, lightness, no dust possible, and therefore no sifting necessary, an indisputable force, and valued at present as triple that of an equal weight of gunpowder. The disadvantages are—volume, and hence a difficulty in making up, and in the transport of ammunition; and the production of a large quantity of water vapour within the guns, which is, perhaps, more inconvenient than the dirt of ordinary powder. Of five specimens tried, one fired the fourth time without the gun having been sponged, was projected with the greatest part of the cotton unburnt, and this was so moist that it would not take fire in the open air.

Test of quality.—M. Pelouze announced an important discovery by two of his laboratory pupils; it is, that when xyloidine has reached its greatest degree of explosive power, then it is completely soluble in ether. Hence a test of quality, and a proof of the best make.

INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE.

The Rack was a large wooden frame, of oak, raised three feet from the ground: the prisoner was laid under it on his back upon the floor; his wrists and ankles were attached by cords to two collars at the ends of the frame; these ends were moved by levers in opposite directions, till the body rose to the level of the frame; questions were then put; and if the answers did not prove satisfactory, the sufferer was stretched more and more, by the further elongation of the ends of the frame from each other, through means of the levers, until the bones started from their sockets.

The Scavenger's Daughter, another instrument of torture used in the Tower, was a broad hoop of iron, consisting of two parts fastened to each other by a hinge; it operated by pressure over the small of the back, and by force of the compression soon caused the blood to flow from the nostrils.

The Iron Gauntlets, another kind of torture, served to compress the wrists and suspend the prisoner in the air from two distant points of a beam. "I felt," said F. Gerard, one of the sufferers by this kind of torture, "the chief pain in my breasts, belly, arms, and hands. I thought that all the blood in my body had run into my arms, and began to burst out at my finger-ends. This was a mistake; but my arms swelled till the gauntlets were buried within the flesh. After being thus suspended an hour, I fainted; and when I came to myself I found the executioners supporting me in their arms: they replaced the pieces of wood under my feet; but as soon as I recovered, removed them again. Thus I continued hanging for the space of five hours, during which I fainted eight or nine times."

A fourth kind of torture used in the Tower was called Little Ease. It was of so small dimensions, and so constructed, that the prisoner could neither stand, walk, sit, nor lie in it at full length. He was compelled to draw himself up in a squatting posture, and so remain during several days.

MAHOMETAN SAINTS.

"I have read accounts of refractory Muslim saints who have, after death, resisted being carried to any place of burial excepting one on which, it is supposed by many, they had fixed their choice. A few days since I saw a procession attending the bier of one of that most singular fraternity. Instead of the usual wailing, men were shouting and women screaming for joy, and uttering the *zaghareet*; while the beating of drums rendered the confusion of sounds complete. Scarcely had the hundreds following the bier passed our house, when the tide of human beings seemed checked, and in another minute rushed back with impetuosity. The saint had raised his hands, they said, and the bearers of the bier felt themselves forcibly prevented from proceeding by the way they intended. The Welee had first travelled east; now he travelled west; and we concluded that he was content. But a few hours after, the procession again passed our house; the people running with the bier; and men, women, and children increasing in numbers every minute; and I do believe that nine-tenths of the multitude believed that the bearers were supernaturally withheld from carrying the bier their own way on every occasion that they changed their course. As in the morning, so again in the afternoon, the attempt to carry their burthen eastward failed; and in nearly as short a time as before, they turned and retraced their steps. When almost opposite to our house they made a stand, and that was a moment of some uneasiness; for it was possible they might insist upon raising a tomb in the very thoroughfare, or even in our house. Such things have been done, and the tomb of a Welee has prevented the possibility of anything of considerable size passing through some of the principle streets of Cairo. In opening the new road to the citadel, by order of the Pasha, the tomb of a Welee was taken down,—but it is now being rebuilt nearly in the centre of the road; because, it is said, the Pasha's sleep has been disturbed by the saint's nightly visitations, requiring restitution of his rights. Our fears that the restless Welee would become a neighbour, were quieted by the bearers rushing forward as if impelled by something that seemed to urge them onward. For that night we heard no more of the saint; but on the following day we found that his bearers had had no rest but for one quarter of an hour, during which their burden was content to stay in the tomb of his parents."—*English Woman in Egypt.*

Did you ever know a case of decided *Twaddlum*, render? We never did; but Field, of the 'St. Louis Revue,' describes one:

'Doctor,' said a young and enthusiastic new-school physician the other day

to an elder and more experienced practitioner of the same system, (he happened to be within ear-shot at the time of a regular,) 'Doctor,' said he, 'you have experience, and I wish to consult you with regard to a case of *Twaddlum*.'

'Proceed, my young friend,' said the man of experience.

'Well then, Doctor, I have a female patient who has a derangement of the *Twaddlum* of her stomach, occasioned, as I think, by a warring of ulcers against the veins. I give her pills and relieve the *twaddlum*, but this invariably increases the action of the ulcers.'

'Ah!' interjected the elder Experience.

'Well, then again, Doctor, I give her *more* pills, and subdue the action of the ulcers; but this again produces greater derangement of the *twaddlum*; and so it goes on the *twaddlum* ag'in the ulcers and the ulcers ag'in the *twaddlum*, and the pills g'in out too, and no good done.'

'Ah! my young friend, you do n't understand these cases: I have perhaps had more cases of *twaddlum* than you have met with.'

And here he went into a minute explanation of the entire case; but the 'notes' were lost. Physician's fees, by-the-by, are sometimes for complaints quite as imaginary as 'the *twaddlum*.' An anecdote is related of an English clothier, who, after long drinking the Bath waters, took it into his head to try the Bristol hot well. He procured from his physician a letter to a brother Galen, stating his case, etc.; but after he had proceeded half way on his journey, his curiosity induced him to pry into the contents of the letter, when the following words presented themselves to his astonished vision: 'Dear Sir: The bearer is a fat Wiltshire clothier; make the most of him!' It is needless to add that his cure was at once effected, and he immediately turned his horse toward home, 'a sadder and a wiser man.'—(Knickerbocker.)

Manufacture of Ice in France.—In France, when the winters are mild, the quantity of ice collected is, necessarily, very small. The consumers have, accordingly, sought to supply this deficiency by artificial means, somewhat similar to those employed in India. With this intention, they organized a large manufactory at L'Ouen, in which evaporation is the agent employed. The water is brought to the summit of a series of wooden falls, and dropping gently "en cascades," runs slowly into large tanks, isolated from the soil, and finishes by becoming coagulated. In this manner, masses of ice are obtained, even when the temperature of the surrounding atmosphere is several degrees above zero. This freezing power is considerably augmented by the addition of chemical agents, such as saltpetre and bay salt.—*Sharpe's London Magazine.*

Another Stray Leaf from an Archaeologist's Portfolio.

Gunpowder now will be exploded,

Be no longer orthodox:

If you wish to make folks go dead,

Load your guns with cotton socks.

Your foes with cotton will be worsted,

Or (which may be better far)

In contest that you may make first head,

Carry on a paper* war.

* Paper has been made explosive.

Foreign Summary.

On the 6th instant, the Marquis of Londonderry, according to annual custom, entertained a large number of his tenants, at Wynyard Park. After the dinner, the Marquis made a speech, containing some notable remarks—

At their meeting last year, he was fully aware that the affairs of the country were in as prosperous a state as they could possibly be in. Commerce, agriculture, and finance, were all prospering; and there then seemed no call on the part of any one for any national change. Shortly afterwards, however, there was issued from Edinburgh, by an individual now a Minister of the Crown, a letter which set the country in a state of convulsion. That letter had such an effect that the Minister of the day thought it necessary to take measures in consequence of the views then stated. But it must be remembered, that all great politicians—public men of both parties—had previously declared their belief of the absolute necessity of a repeal or modification of the Corn-laws. And, as coming events cast their shadows before, it was almost certain that Lord John Russell's launching of that epistle would be the signal of some corresponding answer from the minister of the day. It was unnecessary to go into the detail of the measure which was carried in consequence. He did not mean to say that the arrangement was the most satisfactory and agreeable to that party which had always strongly supported and assisted the Conservative cause, and placed Sir Robert Peel at the head of it. He deeply lamented—as he was sure they would all do—that there had been a great deal of violent language, and a great deal of what he would not call personal abuse, but something very like it. A great deal of exaggeration had also been indulged in; but they were there as tenant-farmers to judge for themselves of what had passed. They had seen the much-dreaded measure carried into law. It was still in a state of trial; and they had, up to this time, no right to say anything detrimental of that individual who had carried that measure into effect. He also much regretted the course which had been taken by the agricultural Protectionists, as they called themselves, in attacking Sir Robert Peel. Now, he had considered the question as closely as he could—indeed, as he considered every question which came before him as a legislator—and he had come to the conclusion, that Sir Robert Peel was the Minister of the country, and not of a party. Though having been bound in a great measure to that party for his holding office, still he had become Minister for England, Scotland, and Ireland, and was bound to act for the general and not for party benefit. Those who stood out so much for agricultural protection were, after all, but a portion of the great landed proprietors. The Duke of Richmond, Lord George Bentinck, and some great Southern proprietors, had been opposed to the repeal of the Corn-law, and had called the farmers together to oppose it. But look on the other hand—look to the North. The Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Buccleuch, and the noble Lord present, [the Marquis of Westminster,] were divided in opinion from the others on the question of a repeal of the Corn-laws. But there was another consideration. Notwithstanding a repeal of the Corn-laws, times had never been more prosperous with the farmers. Up to the last market-day, prices had continued to advance; and the farmers were generally in a much better condition than they were last year. He had himself had a proof of it—which was interesting to himself—that day; for, out of his whole tenantry, both on the Northern and Southern estates, there were but two had left any arrears, and of those two one was about to leave. That must be most gratifying to them, as it was most satisfactory to him. He was happy to state this, because it showed, so far from rents being diminished or

lowered by the repeal of the Corn-laws, there was no prospect of it, whilst he knew in many instances they had increased. These matters had unfortunately caused a split in the Conservative party in this country; but he trusted that ultimately it would be healed up. These were the opinions which he himself entertained of the present position of the agricultural interest; and he trusted they would agree with him—that they would be unanimous and all work together. (Much cheering.)

The accounts from Ireland continue to be of a more favourable character. Employment has become general; and the price of food is very decidedly lower. The cargo of one of four vessels laden with Indian corn was bought by the Cork Relief Committee at £14 17s. 6d. a ton: the price during the previous week had been upwards of £16.

A very interesting entertainment was held at Edinburgh on the 4th instant, in the Music Hall. The object was to celebrate the establishment of the "Philosophical Institution." The chair was occupied by the Lord Provost, supported by the Archbishop of Dublin, Mr. Macaulay, Professor Wilson, Mr. Fox Maule, Mr. W. Gibson Craig, Professor Nichol, Lord Murray, Mr. D. M. Moir, (Delta,) and other gentlemen of note in literature, science, or politics. The Archbishop of Dublin's speech was very nearly identical with the speech he lately delivered at the soiree of the Manchester Athenæum. One of his remarks deserves to be kept constantly in view: it appeared to the Archbishop, that in a country in which so much political power is conferred upon the mass of the people, it is both unwise and unsafe to trust that power in the hands of those who have been left in ignorance. Mr. Macaulay made a most effective speech on the "Literature of Britain." One passage, on the common dread of "superficial knowledge as being worse than ignorance," has attracted much notice—

"I could never prevail on any one person who entertained this apprehension to let me know what was the standard of profundity. It is an argument that pre-supposes that there is some line between profound and superficial knowledge, similar to the line that runs between truth and vice. I know of no such line. When we talk of men of deep science, do we mean that they have got to the bottom or near the bottom? When we talk of deep and shallow, are we comparing human knowledge with the vast mass of truth which is capable of being known, and which probably in the course of ages the human mind will attain to? If that be the meaning, then we are all shallow together; and the greatest men that ever lived would be the first to confess their shallowness. If we could call up the greatest of human beings—Sir Isaac Newton—and if we were to ask him whether even in those particular pursuits in which he attained the highest excellence, he considered himself as profoundly knowing by comparison with the mass which is capable of being known—he would have told you, that he was a snatterer like ourselves, and that the difference between him and you vanished when compared with the difference between the mass of science to be explored, just as the distance between a person on the level of the sea and a person on the top of Benlomond utterly vanishes when making observations on the fixed stars. But if this be not their standard, what is their standard? Is it the same for one year together—or is it the same in any two countries? Is it not notorious that what is profundity in one country is considered to be shallowness in the next? What now would be the chemists of 1746, or the geologists of 1746, compared with the chemists or geologists of 1846? There is a necessary and natural progress in every experimental science, of such a nature that in one generation the mind rank necessarily occupies the place which the fore rank occupied in another generation. The same knowledge which entitled Rammohun Roy to be called the most profound among the Hindoos would have made but a very superficial member of this institute. The various knowledge which entitled Strabo to be called a profound geographer, would have been called ignorance on the part of a girl from the boarding school."

As Gulliver became a giant among the Lilliputians, and a little manikin in Brobdingnag, so the intellectual giants of one age become the intellectual pigmies of the next. "If these be the effects which have followed from shallow knowledge, it must have been one of the greatest of evils, that in the thirteenth century, there should have been such a thing as profound and learned men. It strikes me that, without much difficulty, you might make a parallel between the most profound and learned men of the thirteenth century and some of those who will be here this evening, and to whom, we trust, our library will not be altogether without advantage.

Two sciences were most studied in the middle ages, astronomy and chemistry. "Take the astronomer. He was a believer in the Ptolemaic system—a man who never heard of the law of gravitation. Tell him that the succession of night and day arises from the revolution of the earth on its axis—tell him that in consequence of this revolution the polar diameter of the earth is shorter than the equatorial; and if he does not set you down as an idiot, the probability is, that he hands you over to the Bishop that you may be burned as a heretic. But if he be not perfectly well informed on these points, there are parts of his science in which he has made great proficiency. He can cast a nativity. He knows at what moment Saturn is in the house of life, and what events follow from Mars being in conjunction with the Dragon's tail. He can tell you from this, which of your children will be fortunate in marriage, and which of them will be lost at sea. Now, take this very profound man, and compare with him one of what are called your own shallow members, whose exceedingly superficial knowledge is said to be dangerous to intellectual character. I doubt not, a copy of Sir John Herschel's beautiful work on astronomy will be found in your institute. A very few evenings spent over the perusal of that volume will not, it is true, enable him to cast the nativities of your children, but it will, I believe, give him a far more correct and profound view of the solar system, and of the laws which govern the heavenly bodies, than the greatest astronomer of the thirteenth century possessed. Or take the science of chemistry. Our great man—for we will suppose him to be a universal genius—our great man of the thirteenth century is a great chemist. He perhaps has got as far as the very pillars of the Hercules of his chemistry—for such it was regarded in that day—he has perhaps got as far as to know that if you mix charcoal and saltpetre together in certain proportions there will be a great explosion. But of the possibility of employing this knowledge to make a revolution in the art of war, or to accomplish vast scientific results, he has no conception. But there are things in which he goes beyond the reach of modern chemists. He is in pursuit of the philosopher's stone; and he has an array of saltpetre, and red oil, and white oil, burning night and morning; and he entertains the firm conviction that by means of these stews he will some morning turn all his pots and pans into gold. Now, suppose that Professor Faraday was induced to give lectures in this institute, something like the course which I heard him give to the children in London on Christmas Day. In that case, I believe that I may promise that you would carry away from these lectures a much more accurate and profound knowledge of chemistry, than a chemist, who would have been considered worthy of

the patronage of kings, could possibly have given in the course of years in the thirteenth century."

Affairs in Rome are assuming a strange aspect of free activity. The first number of an English weekly newspaper, called the *Roman Advertiser*, had appeared, and a list is given of five other new papers on the eve of publication. One, *La Giurisprudenza*, is intended to report criminal trials, which have hitherto been conducted in secret.

The embarrassed state of the public finances is one of the difficulties which beset the career of the new Pontiff. But he addresses himself with vigor to the task; and finding that the new evil cannot be met by the abolition of sinecures and reductions in his own household, he has broached the project of an income-tax. At the same time, the taxes on salt and on corn ground at the mill (most oppressive to the peasantry) are to be abolished.

A correspondent of the *Morning Herald*, writing at Constantinople on the 30th October, reports the receipt of a strange sort of despatch from Lord Palmerston—

"Lord Palmerston has sent a note to the Porte, in which he demands the abolition of slavery in the Ottoman empire. You will remember that when Lord Ponsonby was Ambassador at Constantinople a similar measure was proposed by the Minister for Foreign Affairs; but his Lordship's despatch in answer induced Lord Palmerston to abandon the project. In the present note, the question is ably argued, but with more sophistry than sound reasoning, and with a sturdy disregard to the feelings of those to whom it is addressed, which we must certainly pronounce to be imprudent. It is argued that there is nothing in Mahomedan law which objects to such a proceeding: in proof of which his Lordship cites treaties which have been made between the British Government and Mussulman chiefs for the suppression of slavery. Who are these Mussulmen chiefs or 'princes' as they are styled in the note? The leaders of wandering marauders, who for a few pieces of gold would cut the throat of the Sheik of Mecca, if they could do so with impunity. And as to the arguments on the grounds of justice and humanity, we think that we can show that they are equally futile. The entire domestic system in Turkey is founded upon what we must call slavery, for want of a better word. The Sultan's mother was a slave, and so was his wife. The Mahomedan law emphatically forbids his Majesty to marry any other than a slave. . . . So independent is the wife in Turkey that on the slightest complaint against her husband, she can at once obtain a separation. It is on account of this law, and the general capriciousness of the sex in the East as well as in the West, that the Turk prefers marrying a Georgian or Carcassian slave, who looks up to him as her sole stay and protector, to taking as a partner one of his own countrywomen, encumbered with meddling relations and officious friends. It must be remembered that the instant a slave marries she becomes free. No one born of Mahomedan parents can be a slave, or even act in the capacity of a servant. It is in consequence of the latter regulation that Negro slaves are imported from Tunis, Egypt, and Tripoli, who are employed to do the menial offices of the household. No slave becomes literally the property of his owner, nor can the latter beat or ill-use him. On a slave complaining of ill treatment, the cadi of the district is bound to find him another and a kinder master. No class in Turkey is watched over with more maternal care by the law than that of the slave. His owner is obliged to clothe, lodge, feed, and pay him in a proper manner, and after a seven year's servitude he is entitled to his freedom. This, then, is not slavery, but apprenticeship, a gentler and happier bondage than that known in many a factory in England.

There are at this moment many instances of Negro slaves rising to some of the highest offices in the state. Ibrahim Pacha, Governor of the Dardanelles, was a Negro slave; and the present Pacha of Varna was another. As far as White male slaves are concerned, we shall only mention the fact that Kosrew Pacha, the Grand Seraskier, was slave to Hussein Pacha; and that Halil Pacha, the Sultan's brother-in-law, who was lately Lord High Admiral, and is now Governor of Trebizond, was slave to Kosrew.

"It is impossible to describe the sensation which Lord Palmerston's note has produced, not only at the Porte, but also, we are assured, in a higher quarter. It is a proceeding which strikes at one of the vital principles of the social system of the Turks."

A Court of directors was held at the East India House on Wednesday, and Mr. George Russell Clark was unanimously appointed Governor of the Presidency of Bombay.

Government has just concluded a purchase of about fourteen acres of land, on the East side of Birmingham, for the erection of a great central barracks for England. The site is on the angle of the junction between the London and Birmingham and Birmingham and Derby railways; and cost, we hear £25,000. The new barracks will be the largest yet built in the United Kingdom; and troops stationed in them may be in any part of England by one or other of the railways, in a few hours after receiving notice from head quarters. We understand the electric telegraph is to be brought into a centre at the barracks, and communicate with all parts of the country, extending along every line of rail that may be made.—*Correspondence of the Morning Chronicle.*

The *Morning Post*, states, in a mysterious paragraph, that Warner's "long range" has been privately tested by a government officer, "on the Eastern extremity of the Essex coast," with satisfactory results.

Private letters from Vienna leave no doubt that the Duc de Bordeaux was married on the 5th inst., to the Princess Maria Theresa Beatrice, sister to the reigning Duke of Modena. The Princess numbers among her charms, 300,000, 000 or 12,000,000 sterling! It is rumored that the Duke of Modena's second sister is betrothed to the second son of Don Carlos. The Duke of Modena is the only sovereign in Europe who has not deigned to recognise "the dynasty of July"—Louis Philippe.

The *Morning Post* contradicts, on authority, a report in the French papers that Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was about to marry Miss Burdett Coutts.

Morgan John O'Connell, Esq., M. P. Kerry, is nominated to be Chief Commissioner of the Poor-law Board in Ireland, at £2,000 a year salary. On Mr. O'Connell's being installed, Mr. Twistleton returns to England.—*Limerick Chronicle.*

The Governor General of the Canadas.—We understand that his Excellency the Earl of Elgin, whose departure for the seat of his government is expected to take place in about three weeks, will not, in the first instance, be accompanied by his bride. To brave the severity of a Canadian winter is considered an experiment rather too hazardous, and the voyage of the countess will be put off until the ensuing spring, when she will rejoin her lord. This will not be the first visit of Lady Elgin to our North American colonies, as she accompanied her late noble father, the Earl of Durham, when he went out to assume the administration of their affairs, and remained with him during the whole of his transatlantic residence.

Such is the demand for agricultural laborers in this district, that bills have for nearly a month been posted in different parts of the country, requiring forty to fifty men to proceed to Orkney, and offering good wages, and yet there has not, we are informed, been one single applicant. Ditching and draining, and particularly the latter, are now going forward in this district with great spirit.—*John o'Groat's Journal.*

Exchange at New York on London, at 60 days, 6 a 6½ per cent. prem.

THE ANGLO AMERICAN.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1846.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

[The following, which has just come to hand, is evidently from the pen of one who has not only thought seriously on the subject, but who has been truly desirous that so magnificent a bequest should be substantially beneficial to the majority, particularly of the rising generation of his fellow citizens. He is not without ambition, it is plain, both of his country's edifices and places of distinction but is more anxious about the question "*cui bono?*" than about superficial appearances. Without subscribing to all the minutiae of his suggestions we think the article written by him is well worthy of consideration, and earnestly hope that it may meet the eye of the Regents and Trustees who have the guardianship of so important a fund, before they close their present labors. Thus far we agree with him, that they should not set out with too large or too erudite a library; but we contend that they ought to have a tolerably good one to begin with, and should gradually but not too rapidly or extensively augment it. We believe that too great a variety of subjects, and handled too many ways has a tendency to confuse the tyro, and that the basis of the subjects (at least) will be familiar to the tutors or professors.—*Ed. Ang. Am.*]

The pressing demand of public sentiment forced the last session of Congress to pass a law for the establishment of the Smithsonian Institute. It is to be hoped that the expectations of the people will not meet with a disappointment in the manner of carrying out the marked requirements of the testator. Something more is required than is foreshadowed in the powers given to the regents of the Institute. It would be a prostitution of the intentions of the testator to apply so much of the interest of the fund for the purpose of raising so extensive a library. This would be a concentration of knowledge, but certainly not a "diffusion of knowledge among men." The people would charge the already deeply learned with an inordinate greed and selfishness in establishing a great monopoly of knowledge for their especial benefit. This would be neither just in itself, nor would it be complying with the will of the testator.

To the great body of the people this library would be "a sealed book." And however high-sounding it might appear to the ears of foreign nations, to our own people it would answer no general practical end. The people would have to feed upon the fame of a few deeply learned men, who, only, could draw upon this vast fountain of knowledge by the aid of their previous acquirements.

The splendid departure from the intentions of Stephen Girard's will ought to be a warning to the Regents of the Institute. There is something highly ridiculous to raise poor boys in a marble palace, to give them tastes and desires of princes and then turn them out upon the world to wrestle and struggle with poverty and adversity. And this is justified on the ground that it will be an ornament to the City? They sacrifice the substantial comforts of thousands of boys in order that their city may be ornamented. This is a modern improvement upon the plan of amusing citizens, softened down a little from the old plan, when so many men were butchered "to grace a Roman holiday." is as cruel as it is absurd, and no code of justice can be plead in excuse for so monstrous an outrage committed upon charity and common sense.

The building of the Smithsonian Institution should be large and substantial; built for durability and convenience. The Lecture room should be very spacious, made not only with a view to hear the lecturer, but to see his table and experiments.

There should be no arbitrary rules to shackle its usefulness; such as compelling a certain uniform to be worn, or requiring a certain length of times of attendance to obtain literary honors or diplomas. Let it be accessible to all, especially to the poorest and humblest of the country, without regard to age or advancement in learning; so that the grand and prime object of the institution shall be its UTILITY.

If knowledge be power let it be accessible to the great body of the people. Let them have the benefits of its giant's power. The love of our institutions no doubt influenced Wm. Smithson in the selection of our country as the theatre wherein the most good could be effected by such a bequest. And he being a lover of learning knew full well that liberty and intelligence were inseparable, and that republican democracy can only be safe from the baneful influence of demagoguism, when the people share equally with the rulers, the great benefits of general intelligence.

I have no doubt but that Mr. Smithson wished to have his name interwoven with the name of our country. As the way in which he wished to benefit the country was specified by him, we are to consult the intentions of the testator, and if to "increase and diffuse knowledge among men;" was his directions, and as there are numerous modes of doing so, that plan which will effect the greatest amount of good to the greatest number of the people of this country ought to be preferred as accomplishing the wishes of the munificent donor, not only by raising a vast pile of masonry to bear his name down to posterity, but by interweaving his name and benefaction in the hearts of a vast number of the people of this country. And in nothing is truer respect and sympathy engendered than in the hearts of the recipients of light and knowledge. The liveliest and

most cherished feelings of men of letters are associated with the institutions from which they derived their learning.

The more general the usefulness of the institution can be made, the more ennobled the name of the testator will become. It was not barely to have his name associated with this country, but to have it coupled with its greatness, and to stand out pre-eminent in aiding its rising elevation, in effecting a great and general good. The more *expansive* and *diffusive* the information can be made, the nearer will it come to the wishes of the noble testator.

It is the boast of our citizens, that, those in the humblest walks of life, may rise by their talents and virtues to the highest stations in the government. That being practically the case, the Institute should be especially formed, so as to carry out and advance this liberal principle.

The French Institute gives a literary character to France. The Royal Academy gives fame to England. The Smithsonian Institution should be formed so as to call out the talents of the nation. There should be medals or marks of distinction given every three months, for the best efforts of genius; for the most useful invention or discovery; for the best essay on our institutions, on history, painting, poetry, sculpture, &c. &c.,—for the best poem, painting, or piece of music, &c.

This is an age of practical results. Every thing is measured by the benefits that are derived from them; and it becomes us as a nation not to be led astray by following too closely the customs adopted by the nations of Europe, but to examine and estimate the results to be derived from fostering the Arts and Sciences, and consider which will benefit the nation most, the *beautiful* or the *useful*.

The discovery of Robert Fulton has done more good to the world than all the paintings that have ever come from the hand of the greatest masters. Franklin's discovery should rank him above all poets. Had I the arranging of the different orders of greatness I would place Fulton high in the scale and rank above Leverrier or Herschel. And while I acknowledge the elevation and sublimity of astronomy, and join Louis Philippe and Arago in placing a star upon the breast of the discoverer of an invisible planet; I would award to Fulton the higher honor of being the *Benefactor of Mankind*.

To offer rewards would be to awaken the noblest ambition of the nation. And like the wreaths that were conferred by the Romans, it would arouse the ambition of the American Republic and counteract the ignoble lust of wealth. I believe as a nation we have been slandered by foreigners, when they set us down as being insensible to a nobler and far higher aim than that of wealth. But at the same time I deplore the want of opportunity to display the finer feelings of the American people. It needs but the channel to be opened, the opportunity given, to prove that the fashion of the nation can be fixed and displayed by minds whose genius will rival for originality and strength, if not also for beauty and elegance any of our contemporaries across the Atlantic.

It has been said that the minds of people are influenced by objects that surround them; and the features of the country stamp a character on the inhabitants. There is great reason in this. I believe that the gigantic features of our country give a character and expanse to the mind and feelings of our people, giving them a character of lofty independence and strength of intellect, more so than is to be found amongst any other nation of the globe.

Our people are possessed of a daring independence of thought, and are more accustomed to challenge the opinions of others and think for themselves, free from the shackles of authorities that are too apt to pass current among other nations. We have great respect for real merit, but never so much as to throw us off our guard, and implicitly adopt the dogmas that great men may advance or adopt, and that perhaps as the opinions of some former great men, thereby entail upon posterity a set of false opinions adding the weight of their own names to lull the mind to rest, and prevent INQUIRY, the open sesame of the *great reservoir of truth*.

A plan that would set the nation to work to improve the mind. Any plan that has for its object the drawing out of the intellect of the people of the nation in a noble ambition to excel each other, might bring to light some of as great men as have ever gone before us. It would have the effect to change the present great tide of popular feeling that hurries us all almost irresistibly into the stream of politics, and bring the habits and tastes of the people to value a highly cultivated atmosphere, making men's ambition value something more substantial than the bare love of place or the pecuniary benefits derived therefrom. It would lead the people to place the true estimate upon that which is in itself, really noble and elevated.

It would be the Democrats' great finishing shop, where any one might raise himself to distinction; first by being a learner, and then by his writings communicated through the journal of the Institute.

The light that would proceed from such an institution, might with great fitness be compared to the Sun shedding his rays on all around; and as the Sun's illuminating influence is reflected back in gilded clouds with a softened and beautiful radiance, so would the wisdom and light reflected through the journal of the Institute have a sympathetic influence, giving tone and coloring to society at large.

How numerous would be the minds thus called into a noble emulation, creating new tastes, and bringing into exercise the latent talents of our countrymen.

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

By its drawing a vast number of students to this fountain of knowledge, and calling forth the efforts of genius from every part of our extended country, and publishing prize essays and other efforts of the mind in transactions of the In

stitute; the effect would be magical, attracting, and diffusing light and knowledge throughout the Union, concentrating and radiating the mighty soul and genius of this great republic.

W. M. M.

WAVERLEY.

It has often been pronounced by the reading public, perhaps not a little capriciously, that the novel of "Waverley" has been hardly ever succeeded by those which came afterwards from the same pen; this was natural, for a first production in any school of literary composition, or the first production from any striking writer, is often made the criterion of the rest; and although the author may keep up with his first known work, yet if he do not exceed it he is said to fall short of it, for it is quite as difficult to keep up an excitement as to raise one, and the author of "Waverley" is an uncommon man, who for the best part of forty tales, all of length, and some extremely long, should thus win upon public attention so that there was ever a feverish longing after the next of the author's literary children.

It was exceedingly happy that just as Scott had sketched a character of the old English school, an old Tory Landlord in Sir Everhard Waverley, of whom but sadly too few remain there, when Washington Irving filled up a similar sketch with all "appurtenance and means to boot," in "Bracebridge Hall," for Squire Bracebridge in his station is not much unlike the stately Baronet in his, and in either case the landlord is looked up to with reverence and affection by his servants. The sub-title of the book was exceedingly well chosen at the time it was published. The title says, "Waverley, or 'Tis Sixty years since." That would now be about a century ago, for the book treats of the attempt of Charles Edward (the Pretender's eldest son) about the year 1745, and at the time the orders of society in England were just beginning and hardly begun to be *in transitu*, for the wealthy of that time, whether noble or commoners—save that they had but birth and a long line of ancestry in the back-ground, lived in state, were very exclusive, had a large retinue of servants, kept magnificent and state equipages, did the hospitalities in very expensive degree in their several country seats, were magnanimous and really attentive and kind to their tenants, cotiers, and the surrounding peasantry, and were looked up to by their inferiors very much like so many demi-gods. Law, except upon very serious matters, there was but little occasion for,—at least law of the courts, verdicts, and sentences—for most of the country gentlemen were justices of the peace, and they were peace-makers among the neighbours, and the dicta of the landlord was almost "the law and the prophets" to the peasantry and country people.

This sort of feeling can hardly be understood, or sympathised with in America, where the law of primogeniture does not exist, where the lands get divided and subdivided, change ownership, and occupation, and where the people of any neighbourhood so far from having grown up together, and gathered their earliest associations together, and loved and revered, and regarded so many and so much in common, are brought by accident together, and each is trying to make his most of any spoil that is going, and jealous lest his next-door neighbour came better off than himself. It may be that the times of Sir Everhard Waverley, were happier times, and the circumstances more happy circumstances, than those of the present day, and the *regime* under which we live,—but this according to taste and feeling. But Sir Walter is here mounting his hobby to ride on a favorite road on a favorite horse. The "Waverley" baronet is of the old school, of ancient descent, of many acres, a strong tory, much attached to the Stuarts, and of course so are all his tenants and his dependants; Sir Walter has some claim, pretension, and aim at this character too, but as he had much of it to achieve, he had to labor hard to obtain his lands, mansion, tenants, and dependants, he wrought hard, and they were habitually wealthy and in social cases, *waver-ing*. Hence the happy title, though, to render them more reputable to an English reader, the name "Waverley" is the more attractive, as there is an ancient domain called Waverley, and there is an ancient MS. of the feudal ages called the "Waverly MS." which is of great authority among the antiquaries.

But it is not so much with the class as with the individual that we have now to do. The pride of his uncle and his maiden aunt, the heir of an immense estate, and his mind and intellect encumbered with the ideas of future provision, or of care for the opinions of others, left to range about with a somewhat dangerous solitude of person and vagabondism (if it may be so expressed) of wandering, a large library of various kinds of books to feed his morbid imagination in any way that his ideas might chance to flow, it is no wonder that he became a *wavering* character. Direction of his academy or of his studies there was none, for the only tutor he had was of the kind that believed in "The Right Divine of Kings" and that talked only the language of the schools which had no charm in the youthful ear, so that he only rambled in a desultory manner from theme to theme, and if he had had any settled ideas whatever they were those which had insensibly been planted by his uncle, aunt, and the chaplain, without any examination on his part, and perhaps believed in by the youth as self evident principles. Hence the heedlessness with which he received a commission and put on an uniform, procured by a respected uncle who did not esteem the cause in which his nephew was about to engage, and who thought only of the honor of one of his family being in arms for the King *de facto*; of the facility with which he engaged to visit some time, through an officer of the Brunswick family, with one who was more than suspected in point of loyalty; with the unconcern and thoughtlessness with which he tore off the designations of that service; with the facility into which he entered into the service of the pretender; with the looseness with which he held the latter allegiance; with the unconcern with which he left the latter service; with the contempt with which he treated

the large writing of the chaplain, containing matter decidedly adverse to his first engagement, and which in the end had nearly terminated his fate as a rebel. Not so with the case of Houghton and his companions, who had enlisted to follow their young landlord. He felt that his carelessness had been their fate, and that he was answerable for their misfortunes. But his remorse came too late, the deed was done, and perhaps they would have been alive, happy, and the joy of their old parents, had he been more thoughtful and less *wavering*.

Thus, also, in the love matter in which Rose Bradwardine and Flora MacIvor were unconsciously rivals; the former was simple, unpretending, and retiring in her habits and conduct. Waverley was pleased with her, fond of her society, happy in her company, but did not feel moved in feeling or passion for her. He loved her and did not know it. The latter lady was what is commonly termed "on the high ropes," she had been spoiled by favouritism, she was enthusiastic in admiration of the exiled house, and she always spoke in superlatives. She *moved* the unreflecting Waverley, but she did not ignite the spark of love in his breast. She did not covet his love, and tried her best to turn it in the way of Rose Bradwardine; yet one is bound to say that Waverley was somewhat abrupt to the high-souled Fergus MacIvor, when he rejected the sister of the latter, and laid claim to the hand of Rose, whom the young chief of Glennaquoich cherished in his "heart of hearts."

Thus Flora had read the disposition of Waverley well, and gave an accurate description of his ulterior mortal state when she said of him, to Rose Bradwardine,

"High and perilous enterprise is not Waverley's forte. He would never have been his celebrated ancestor, Sir Nigel, but only Sir Nigel's eulogist and poet. I will tell you where he will be at home, my dear, and in his place, in the retired circle of domestic happiness, lettered indolence, and elegant enjoyments of Waverley Honour. And he will refit the old library in the most exquisite Gothic taste, and garnish its shelves with the rarest and most valuable volumes;—and he will draw plans and landscapes; and write verses, and rear temples, and dig grottoes;—and he will stand on a clear summer night in the colonnade before the hall, and gaze on the deer as they stray by moonlight, or lay shadowed by the boughs of the huge fantastic oak,—and he will repeat verses to his beautiful wife, who will hang upon his arm, and he will be a happy man."

"And she will be a happy woman," thought poor Rose.

The Drama.

Park Theatre.—The "Danseuses Viennoises" are creating quite a *furor* at this theatre,—they appear to have taken the people by surprise. Their dancing is light, graceful, and neat in every particular, and their *tableaux* are exceedingly well done. They have appeared in the grand and fascinating "Pas de Fleurs," the "Pas des Bergers," and the "Polka Paysane," during the past week to large and delighted audiences. Between the performances of the Viennoises Children, Comedy and Farce, in which Messrs. Bass, Barrett, and Mesdames Vernon, Hunt, and Dyott perform, make up the entertainment at this house.

Bowery Theatre.—Mr. Murdoch, a tragedian and comedian of no mean order, commenced an engagement at this theatre on Monday evening last, appearing in "Hamlet." Mr. Murdoch played the character of Hamlet in a neat and masterly style, and richly deserved the warm applause with which he was received. On Tuesday evening Mr. Murdoch and Mrs. C. Pope appeared together in the play of "The Lady of Lyons," and we must say, though we do not admire the piece, that the Claude Melnotte of Mr. Murdoch and the Pauline of Mrs. Pope were almost without a fault. Mr. Murdoch has also appeared as Rover in that excellent play of "Wild Oats," and as Macbeth in Shakespeare's tragedy of that name with great success. The house has been well attended during the past week.

Olympic Theatre.—Our friend Mitchell is at his old tricks again, that of burlesquing every thing which he can lay hands on, and is worthy of notice. On Monday evening he produced a new piece called "King John &c. The Very-nice Children," a take-off on the Viennoises Children now performing at the Park. The piece is well got up, and contains a great deal of humour, and we have no doubt will have a long run. Mr. Walcott as King John is capital, and his imitations of Kean are well done. Miss Anna Cruise has become quite a favorite at this establishment, and we think deservedly so, for she plays her parts in excellent style. The house has been a perfect jam every night.

Chatham Theatre.—The celebrated delineator of Yankee characters, Mr. Hill, commenced an engagement at this house on Saturday evening last. He has appeared in "The Knight of the Golden Fleece," "The Yankee Pedlar," "The People's Lawyer," "Cut and Come Again," "Jonathan in England," "Seth Slope," &c., in all of which he displays the Yankee character to perfection. On Tuesday evening Mrs. Flynn, an actress of taste, judgment, and tact, took her benefit, on which occasion Mr. Thomas Flynn, the veteran, appeared, playing Beauchamp in the Petite Comedy of the "Four Sisters," Mrs. Flynn personating the characters of the four sisters. The Spectacle of the "Man of the Mountain" was also revived on this occasion, Mr. Marshall and Mrs. Flynn playing their original characters. The house was a tolerably good one.

Greeneich Theatre.—This neat and pretty little theatre has been re-opened under the management of Mr. Stammers, a merchant of this city, who, it appears, has determined, as far as attraction can aid him, to see whether there is not a mistaken notion got into people's heads, that a theatre will not pay in this part of the city. We fear he will find the saying a true one. At all events Mr. Jim Crow Rice is playing an engagement there, and if any body can fill a theatre he can.

Alhambra.—This popular place of amusement is now in full operation under the direction of that excellent Musician, Mr. George Loder. Herr Alexander is the *Lion* of the evening at this establishment, and his performances are really astonishing. There is one trick in his performances which is incomprehensible to us, it is that in which he appears before the audience dressed in a superbly embroidered Tunic, and taking a shawl, which, after showing it to the assembly, to assure them that it is entirely empty, he ties it round his body, and, almost in an instant, produces from the shawl a glass vase filled with living gold fish swimming in water,—and, not a minute after, he produces a flock of pigeons from the same place. Besides the performances of Herr Alexander, they have a Vocal Concert which is well worth hearing.

Music and Musical Intelligence.

The Apolloneans.—These remarkable children gave their second Concert at the Tabernacle on Tuesday evening last. The audience was large and respectable, and were evidently highly delighted. The company consists of five—Miss Cole, the two Masters Cole, and the two Masters Bullock. They are well taught, and are possessed of considerable musical genius. The music was very sweet, though we think the Tabernacle is too large a room to allow it to be enjoyed to the utmost. These children, if we mistake not, are destined to be public favorites, and we trust it may not be long before we have an opportunity of hearing them again.

The Albino Minstrels, (consisting of four white children, with the African features fully developed, hair white and curly), gave a novel entertainment at the Minerva Rooms on Wednesday, consisting of songs, dances, etc., peculiar to that race. These children are natural curiosities, and many will go to their entertainments if only to see them.

New Music.—Mr. Millet, of 329 Broadway, has sent us the "Triumphal March," as performed at Monterey by the U. S. Bands, composed by J. Concone. We have also received from the National Publishing Company, at Philadelphia, the following pretty songs:—"Lady, the Rose I give to thee," words by C. Glen Peebles, music by Geo. Loder; and "Weep for the Gallant Dead," words by A. Duganne, music also by Geo. Loder.

Literary Notices.

The works of the Puritan Divines.—BAXTER.—Wiley & Putnam have put before the public, a volume of the works of the celebrated Richard Baxter. This publication extends to near 300 pages, and contains an essay on the life, ministry, and theology of Baxter—"Making light of Christ and Salvation," "A call to the Unconverted," "The last work of a Believer," and "Of the shedding abroad of God's love on the heart by the Holy Ghost." The writings of this Divine are so well known among the religious community, and their piety and usefulness have been so long acknowledged, that it is unnecessary, even if we were inclined, at this late day to enter into a disquisition of their merits.

The same publishers have sent us No. 81 and 82 of their "Library of Choice Reading," which contains the lives of "Donne, Wotton, Hooker, Herbert, and Sanderson; by Izaak Walton: with a life of the author by Zouch." Who has not heard of Izaak Walton? and who will not seize with avidity the present opportunity of placing his Lives of the above celebrated men in their Library? We are sure that no admirer of the exquisite simplicity of this pure old English author will be found among the number.

Views a-foot, or Europe seen with knapsack and staff.—By J. Bayard Taylor, with a preface by N. P. Willis.—The title of this book almost tells the story of its author—he left the United States two years ago with the intention of travelling through Europe, which he successfully accomplished, travelling on foot nearly three thousand miles, "at the cost of only \$500, and that sum earned on the road." This publication is the result, in which he sketches in an exceedingly agreeable manner everything of interest, both of men and things, that passed under his notice. With such indomitable perseverance and energy as Mr. Taylor has exhibited, we cannot doubt of his success in the path he has chosen. This forms Nos. 23 and 24 of "Wiley & Putnam's Library of American Books."

Glimpses of the Wonderful.—Wiley & Putnam.—We have seen nothing more appropriate for a Gift book for the young than this—it is filled with reading matter exceedingly attractive, illustrated with numerous engravings, and enclosed within a handsome dress. It must be acceptable at this season of the year.

Beauties of English History.—Harpers.—This volume presents a connected view of the most pleasing and striking points in English history, in such a style as is likely to interest and instruct the young reader. We should judge that it would be found eminently serviceable in awakening, and to a degree satisfying curiosity: it would make a capital text-book for the use of Schools.

Beauchamp, or the Error.—Harpers.—Another novel from the prolific pen of G. P. R. James! We need only say that it is like all the rest of his novels, readable; and it will be read.

The same publishers have sent us No. 14 of their edition of that capital work, the "Pictorial History of England;" and another number of their "Illuminated Shakespeare."

Sisters of Charity.—E. Dunigan.—This is a very handsomely bound work in two volumes, and apparently specially intended for the younger portion of the

Roman Catholic community. The moral taught is good, and we doubt not it will be exceedingly useful in its sphere.

Julia Ormond, or the New Settlement.—Dunigan.—This is put forth in the same attractive style as the above, and we suppose is intended for the same class of readers; though it enters rather more into religious controversy than will suit some. It is well written, and no doubt will be well read.

The Roman Traitor.—Wm. Taylor & Co. Astor House.—This is an Historical Romance of the Republic of Rome, by Henry William Herbert. This author is so favorably known to the public through his former publications of "Cromwell," "The Brothers" etc. that anything put forth with his name attached is sure of an extensive sale, and it no doubt is already in the hands of thousands.

The same publishers have sent us No. 8 of "Chamber's Information for the People,"—(a capital work)—the comedy of "The Jealous Wife," and the celebrated farce of "The Nervous Man." They have also sent us a small German tale entitled, "Extracts from the Memoirs of Beelzebub," which we have not had time to look into.

Chamber's Cyclopædia of English Literature.—Boston.—This is the first number of this widely known and highly appreciated work. It consists in "elegant extracts" from all the English authors of note. The present number is embellished by a handsome engraving of Shakespeare. It may be found on sale at Burgess & Stringer's, and at Wm. Taylor's, Astor House.

The Architect, No. 3.—The present number is fully as attractive as its predecessor. It is for sale by W. Graham, Tribune Buildings.

Tanner's Travelling Map of Mexico.—It is but a short time since we called attention to this excellent map. Since then, however, Mr. Tanner has added a highly important section, showing the harbor of Vera Cruz, and the castle of San Juan de Ulua, as well as made other important improvements. At the present juncture such a map must be acceptable to the public.

We have received the January numbers of "The New York Illustrated Magazine," and "Graham's Magazine"—they are both highly attractive as well for their rich embellishments, as for their excellent and varied contents. The first is for sale by William Taylor, Astor House, the second by William Graham, Tribune Buildings.

. We would earnestly bespeak attention to the advertisement of E. Baldwin, in to-day's paper. It will be seen that he has gift-books of every variety, and to suit every taste. Don't forget to give him a call.

Gold Pens.—Some time since, we spoke in high terms of commendation of some Gold Pens we had seen from the manufactory of L. Brown, of Brooklyn—since then, we have seen an extract from the minutes of the American Institute, by which it appears that this manufacturer has received a premium for his pens for each of the last seven years. We were unaware of this fact when we spoke formerly, and merely mentioned them as we thought they deserved from a personal inspection.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

THE CHARITABLE COMMITTEE of the above Society, beg to announce to the Public, that their FESTIVAL CONCERT, in aid of the Charitable Fund, will take place at the TABERNACLE, on MONDAY EVENING, Dec. 28, 1846.

PRINCIPAL VOCALISTS.

Mrs. E. LODER, Miss NORTHALL, and M^{rs}. ABLAMOWICZ.
Mr. AUSTIN PHILLIPS, and Mr. EDWARD SHEPPARD.
PRINCIPAL INSTRUMENTALISTS.
HERR DORN, (The first Horn and Guitar Player of Germany, his first Appearance in N.Y.)
Mr. J. A. KYLE, Mr. H. C. TIMM, Mr. GEORGE LODER,
and his Splendid Orchestra.

Tickets—ONE DOLLAR—to be obtained at the usual places, and of the Members of the Committee. Dec. 19-21.

PICTORIAL AND ILLUSTRATED WORKS SUITABLE FOR HOLIDAY PRESENTS:—

1. The Poetical Works of Wm. C. Bryant, a superb edition, with 20 elegant engravings.
 2. The Evergreen for 1847, 10 splendid engravings.
 3. The Diadem for 1847, 10 splendid engravings.
 4. The Floral Offering, by Frances Osgood, with 10 elegant coloured bouquets.
 5. Flora's Dictionary, by Mrs. E. W. Wirt, embellished by Mrs. Ann Smith, with 54 colored bouquets.
 6. The Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with 11 elegant engravings.
 7. Lalla Rookh, by Thomas Moore, with 13 beautiful engravings.
 8. Scott and Scotland, or Historical and Romantic Illustrations of Scottish Story, with 31 fine steel engravings.
 9. The Lady of the Lake, 10 elegant engravings.
 10. Campbell's Poetical Works, illustrated with 22 vignettes and 37 wood cuts.
 11. Rogers' Poems, illustrated with 72 vignettes.
 12. Rogers' Italy, illustrated with 36 vignettes.
 13. The London Art Union Prize Annual contains several hundreds of beautiful scenes, sketches, &c.
 14. The Pictorial Museum of Animated Nature, containing 5 thousand wood cuts—all interesting, all instructive—in 2 large folio volumes.
 15. The Pictorial Gallery of Arts—2,000 wood cuts—1 vol. folio.
 16. The Pictorial Sunday Book, by John Kitto—with 13 colored Maps of the Holy Land and upwards of 1,500 wood cuts—1 vol. folio.
- For Sale by EDMUND BALDWIN, Importer of English Books,
Dec. 19-21. 155 Broadway, Office of Penny Cyclopædia, &c.

THE NEW "PLUMBE POPULAR MAGAZINE,"

A noble Literary Publication, issued in the style of "Graham's Magazine," containing Portraits of Distinguished Characters; also, two pieces of Music, embellished with beautiful Portraits for Frontispieces—one of Colonel WATSON, who fell at Monterey, and the other of Miss C. SHAW, to whom the respective pieces are dedicated—have been published at the Office of the National Publishing Company, 291 Broadway, (Up Stairs), where dealers may be supplied. Dec. 19-21.

APARTMENTS WITH PARTIAL OR WITH FULL BOARD.—A couple of Gentle men, or a Gentleman and his wife, can be accommodated with Apartments and Board to any specified extent, by applying at No. 137 Hudson Street, (St. John's Park), where every attention will be paid to their comforts, and to render their residence a home. The most satisfactory references will be given and expected.

ALEXANDER WATSON,

NOTARY PUBLIC AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW, Office No. 77 Nassau Street; House No. 426 Broome Street. Office hours from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. A. W. will take Acknowledgments of Deeds and other instruments in all parts of the City without any extra charge. My 24-ly.

DR. BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

The nerves of the human body—those necessary and mysterious agents which immediately connect man with external nature—are singularly prone to have their functions disordered by an oppressed condition of the stomach; the minute termination of that portion of the nerves expanded upon the organs of digestion conveying the morbid impression to the Brain. And although the Head can, undoubtedly, like other organs, be the seat of primary disorder, yet, in the great majority of cases, the uneasy sensations there experienced are symptomatic of disordered Stomach, and, further, there is abundant evidence to prove that cruditates in the Stomach and Bowels can, in every grade of human existence, give rise to spasmodic action in every organ of the body; and whether we survey it in the agonising form of Tic Doleureux—the alarming convulsions of the Epileptic seizure—or in that irritable condition of the nerves of the heart occasioning nervous palpitation—they can all frequently be traced to the source above mentioned, and be cured by mild evacuating and tonic remedies. To relieve a state of so much suffering and distress, (in which body and mind also participate) BRANDRETH PILLS are confidently recommended; as, by combining aromatic tonic and cleansing properties, they remove all oppressive accumulations, strengthen the Stomach, induce a healthy appetite, and impart tranquillity to the nervous system; and, in fact, by their general purifying power upon the blood, exert a most beneficial influence in all cases of disease.

THE BRANDRETH PILLS are entirely Vegetable, and made on those principles which long experience has proved correct. It is now no speculation, when they are resorted to in sickness, for they are known to be the best cleansers of the stomach and bowels, and in all dyspeptic and bilious cases, they are a great blessing. Let every family keep these PILLS in the house. If faithfully used when there is occasion for medicine, it will be very seldom that a Doctor will be required. In all cases of cold, cough, or rheumatism, the afflicted owe it to their bodies to use these Pills.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS RELIABLE. Let no one suppose that the Brandreth's Pills are not always the same. They are. They can never be otherwise. The principles upon which they are made are so unerring, that a million pounds could be made per day without the most remote possibility of a mistake occurring. Get the genuine, that is all, and the medicine will give you full satisfaction.

When the blood is in an unsound condition, it is as ready for infection, as land ploughed and harrowed to receive the allotted grain. Those who are wise, will therefore commence the purification of their blood without delay; and those who are already attacked with sickness should do the same.

Ladies should use Brandreth's Pills frequently. They will ensure them from severe sickness of the stomach, and generally speaking, entirely prevent it. The Brandreth's Pills are harmless. They increase the powers of life; they do not depress them. Females will find them to secure that state of health which every mother wishes to enjoy. In constiveness, so often prevalent at an interesting period, the Brandreth Pills are a safe and effectual remedy.

There is no medicine so safe as this, it is more easy than castor oil, and is now generally used by numerous ladies through their confinement. Dr. Brandreth can refer to many of our first physicians who recommend his Pills to their patients, to the exclusion of all other purgatives, and the Pills, being composed entirely of herbs or vegetable matter, purify the blood, and carry off the corrupt humors of the body, in a manner so simple as to give every day ease and pleasure.

Dr. Brandreth's Principal Office for these celebrated Pills is at 241 Broadway; also, at 274 Bowery, and 241 Hudson Street, New York; Mrs. Booth's, No. 5 Market Street, Brooklyn.

PROSPECTUS OF VOLUME THREE.

NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

OF LITERATURE AND ART,

EDITED BY LAWRENCE LABREE,

And Published by William Taylor & Co., No. 2 Astor House, New York.

HAVING succeeded in our first two Volumes, by moderate exertions, beyond our expectations, we have determined for the future, to put on full strength, both in respect to COPIES FROM ORIGINAL PAINTINGS,

AS SUBJECTS OF ILLUSTRATION, AND

ORIGINAL ARTICLES FROM DISTINGUISHED CONTRIBUTORS.

The Third Volume will commence with the Number for January, 1847, and will be a tolerable specimen of what we intend to do, and to which we would call the attention of the public and the press.

We do not intend to give Fashion Plates, as we "know it to be impossible" to give them nearer than three months after the season—the fashionable dress-maker in Broadway receives her Fashions from Europe as early as the publisher, and they would certainly be profitless to her, if obliged to wait one or two months for engraving and printing.

We DO intend to have our articles written by first rate Contributors, and in such a style as to reflect SOME credit upon the Periodical Literature of the country. Among several Ladies and Gentlemen ACTUALLY ENGAGED to contribute to the pages of the "NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE," are the following:—

Mrs. E. O. SMITH, Author of the "Sisless Child."

Mrs. FRANCES OSGOOD.

M. M. NOAH, Author of "Travels in England, France, Spain, and the Barbary States."

SEBA SMITH, Author of "Powhattan"—the original "Jack Downing."

WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, Author of "The Yemassee," &c. &c.

C. F. HOFFMAN, Author of "Greyslaer," "Winter in the West," &c. &c.

HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT, Author of "Marmaduke Wyvil," &c. &c.

ALFRED B. STREET.

EDWARD MATURIN, Author of "Montezuma, the Last of the Aztecs."

W. H. CARPENTER, Author of "Claiborne, the Rebel," &c. &c.

W. T. THOMPSON, Author of "Major Jones's Courtship."

S. C. SPRING, Author of "Gislar al Barneki."

E. A. DUYCKINCK, W. A. JONES.

T. MAYNE REID.

R. F. GREELEY, Author of "Old Cro' Nest."

THOMAS WILLIAMS, T. W. MEIGHAN.

The above are engaged as regular contributors, and then our pages will always be open to a number of our most popular writers, who will appear from time to time.

We have not, so far, omitted anything that we have not given, and the public may rest assured that we shall be as faithful to similar bonds.

Arrangements have been entered into with WILEY & PUTNAM to publish the "Illustrated" simultaneously in London or large edition has already been ordered. We wish to represent, abroad,

AMERICAN LITERATURE AND ART.

As a LADY'S and GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, its moral tone will be unexceptionable, while it will be the aim of the publishers to make its pages entertaining and instructive. It will embody Tales, Poetry, Romance, Historical and Traditional Sketches of all Countries. Local Sketches, and at times, be humorous without being offensive—satirical without being personal.

We have had a NEW COVER ENGRAVED from a very elegant and original design, which will be printed in plain and simple black, discarding everything like false attraction.

Moreover, we believe in the virtue of short prospectuses, rather hoping "that our works may speak for us."

TERMS.—Yearly Subscription, \$3; Two Copies, \$5; Five Copies, (one address) \$10. The NEW YORK ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE, is published by

WILLIAM TAYLOR & Co., No. 2 Astor House, New York.

□ All letters of Subscription, and Orders, addressed to William Taylor & Co., 2 Astor House, New York.

LAP-WELDED
BOILER FLUES,

16 FEET LONG, AND FROM 1-2 INCHES TO 5 INCHES DIAMETER.
Can be obtained only of the Patentee,
THOS. PROSSER,
28 Platt Street, N.Y.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

THE Subscriber is constantly receiving fresh supplies of every description of the above well known popular Pens. A large stock is constantly kept on hand, consisting of patent, Magnum Bonum, Damascus and double Damascus barrel Pen; Principality, each extra fine, fine and medium points; Calligraphic, (illustrated cards). Peruvian, New York Fountain, Ladies' Patent Prince Albert, Queen's Own, Baronial, Victoria, and School Pens, on cards and in boxes of one gross each. Together with an excellent article for School use, the Collegiate Pen and the Crotou Pen, (on illustrated cards and in boxes), which possesses strength, elasticity, and fineness of point, admirably suited to light and rapid hands. Very cheap Pens in boxes; holders of every description; all of which are offered at low rates, and the attention of purchasers solicited, by
Oct. 3-d.

HENRY JESSOP, Importer, 91 John,
corner of Gold-st.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA,

FOR THE REMOVAL AND PERMANENT CURE OF ALL DISEASES ARISING FROM AN IMPURE STATE OF THE BLOOD OR HABIT OF THE SYSTEM, VIZ:

Scrofula or King's Evil, Rheumatism, Obstinate Cutaneous Eruptions, Pimples or Pustules on the Face, Blotches, Biles, Chronic Sore Eyes, Ringworm or Tetter, Scald Head, Enlargement and Pain of the Bones and Joints, Stubborn Ulcers, Syphilitic Symptoms, Sciatica or Lumbago, and Ascites or Dropsy. Also, Chronic Constitutional Disorders.

THE value of this preparation is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It approved and highly recommended by Physicians, and is admitted to be the most powerful and searching preparation from the root that has ever been employed in medical practice. It is highly concentrated for convenience and portability, containing nothing but the expressed essence, and is the representative of the Sarsaparilla Root, in the same manner as Quinine is of Peruvian bark, or Morphine of Opium. It is an established fact a few grains of either Quinine or Morphine contain all the medicinal value of a large quantity of the crude substances; hence the superiority of these preparations—and no invalid would desire to drink a gallon mixture, when a half pint contained the same medicinal value. The Sarsaparilla can be diluted when taken agreeable to the directions, and made to suit the taste of the patient.

The following certificate is only another link in the great chain of testimony to its merits:

Messrs. Sands—Gentlemen: Exposed as we are to the attacks of disease, and so frequently disappointed in proposed remedies, we cannot but look upon the efforts of successful practitioners with interest and gratitude. This is true respecting your valuable preparation of Sarsaparilla. I have been severely afflicted for 23 years with a disease, about which "Doctors disagreed," and their prescriptions were still more diverse. I tried various remedies but found no relief until I commenced using your excellent medicine, at which time I was wholly confined to my bed. After using it a few months, I now am enabled to walk about, ride out, and enjoy a comfortable degree of health, which I attribute entirely to the use of Sands' Sarsaparilla. Please accept my assurance of gratitude and regard. JOHN M. NORRIS.

Being personally acquainted with the above statements, I hereby certify that the same are true. REV. T. M. MERRIMAN.

Further Testimony.—The following is an extract from a letter received from Rev. Wm. Galusha:—

Berkshire, Vt., Oct. 22, 1846.
Messrs. Sands: I have been afflicted with a severe pain in my side, occasioned by a diseased liver, for the last twenty years; suffering at times what language cannot convey, but since taking your Sarsaparilla I have been greatly relieved, so much so that I have been able to attend to my business, and preach occasionally for the last fifteen months. I wholly discarded all other medicine, and thoroughly tried the Sarsaparilla, which I can recommend in truth and sincerity to all those who are in any way afflicted with any species of scrofulous complaints. There have been some remarkable cures effected by its use in this vicinity. Mrs. I. Shaw, by the use of six bottles, was restored to better health than she had before enjoyed for ten years, and Mrs. W. Stevens, who had been severely afflicted with Erysipelas, was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles.—Yours, truly,
WM. GALUSHA.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained of Agents gratis.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton Street, corner of William, New York.

Sold also by John Holland & Co., Montreal; John Masson, Quebec; J. W. Brent, Kingston; S. F. Urquhart, Toronto; T. Bickle, Hamilton; and by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canada. Price \$1 per bottle. Six bottles for \$5.

The public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands' Sarsaparilla that has been and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject; therefore ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

SIGHT RESTORED, AND INFLAMMATION OF THE EYES CURED

BY THE ROMAN EYE BALSAM.
A SPECIFIC OINTMENT FOR DISEASES OF THE EYE.



THOUSANDS are suffering from weak eyes, or inflammation of the eye-lids, so severe as to deprive them of all the enjoyments of life, and render existence itself almost a burthen to them, when they might in a very short time be completely cured, and their eyes restored to their natural brightness, by using the celebrated ROMAN EYE BALSAM. There is no article prepared that is so immediately certain to remove the pain and inflammation from the eye-lids, and restore the sight. Any disease or weakness of the eye that can be cured without an operation, will yield quickly to the specific effect of this pleasant application. Many people have been restored to sight by a few applications of this valuable Balsam, after other means have failed to give them relief. In small jars, price 25 cents.

Prepared and sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist, 273 Broadway, corner of Chambers Street, New York. (Successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) Sold also by the most respectable Druggists in the United States. Sept. 19-3m.

MR. GEORGE LODER begs to announce that, at the request of many friends, he has formed an Orchestra of the most talented professors upon the plan of the celebrated JULIEN, being ready upon the shortest notice to attend Fete Champetres, Matinees, Musicales, Fetes Solemnels, Soirees Musicales, Concerts, and all Musical Performances. Mr. Loder flatters himself that the kind appreciation by the Public of his endeavors to promote the efficiency of Instrumental Performances will be a guarantee of the excellence of his Band.

TERMS.—For full Orchestra, or any number of Musicians, may be known upon application to Mr. LODER, No. 9 Varick Street, St. John's Park. Sept. 5-af.

TOOTH-ACHE CURED IN ONE MINUTE

BY THE USE OF THE CLOVE ANODYNE.

THIS is an excellent article, and will cure the most violent tooth-ache, or pain in the gums in one minute.

The Clove Anodyne is not unpleasant to the taste or injurious to the teeth, and will permanently cure any tooth to which it may be applied.

Prepared and sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist and Chemist, 273 Broadway, cor. Chamber Street,—Granite Buildings—(successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) Sold also by all respectable Druggists in the United States. Price 25 cents. Sept. 19-3m.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

NATIONAL LOAN FUND LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,

No. 26 Cornhill, London.

CAPITAL £500,000, OR, \$2,500,000.

Empowered by Act of Parliament.

THIS Institution embraces important and substantial advantages with respect to Life Assurance and deferred annuities. The assured has, on all occasions, the power to borrow, without expense or forfeiture of the policy, two-thirds of the premiums paid (see table); also the option of selecting benefits, and the conversion of his interests to meet other conveniences or necessity.

DIVISION OF PROFITS.

The remarkable success and increasing prosperity of the Society has enabled the Directors, at the last annual investigation, to declare a fourth bonus, varying from 35 to 85 per cent on the premiums paid on each policy effected on the profit scale.

EXAMPLES.

Age.	Sum.	Premium.	Year.	Bonus added.	Bonus in cash.	Permanent reduction of premium.	Sum ass'd may borrow on the policy.
	\$	\$		\$	\$	\$	\$
			1837	1088 75	500 24	80 63	2225
			1838	960 76	435 63	67 53	1957
60	5000	370 80	1839	828 00	370 45	55 76	1780
			1840	681 85	270 20	39 70	1453
			1841	555 56	247 60	37 04	1336

The division of profits is annual, and the next will be made in December of the present year

UNITED STATES AGENCY.

For list of local directors, medical officers, tables of rates, and report of last annual meeting, (15th of May, 1846,) see the Society's pamphlet, to be obtained at their office, 74 Wall street New York.

MEDICAL EXAMINERS.

J. Kearney Rodgers, M.D.

Alexander E. Hosack, M.D. } New York.

S. S. Keene.

BANKERS—The Merchant's Bank, New York.

STANDING COUNSEL.

W. Van Hook, Esq., New York.

J. Meredith, Esq., Baltimore.

SOLICITOR at New York, John Howe, Esq.

JACOB HARVEY, Chairman of Local Board.

J. LEANDER STARR, General Agent.

Oct. 3-d.

FRANKLIN HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA. No. 105 Chesnut Street.

THIS popular house, lately kept by the Messrs. SANDERSON, has now passed into possession of the undersigned, who has re-fitted, re-furnished, papered and painted it, throughout—and made such additions to it, as may conduce more to the comfort of travellers.

An elegant LADIES' ORDINARY, GENTLEMEN'S DINING SALOON, and several large PARLOURS, have been added—and the Table, Bedding, and Attendance it is determined shall be equal to any in the country.

Convenient BATH-ROOMS have also been fitted up, by the present proprietor, in the house, and every care will be taken to please those who may call on him.

A POST COACH, belonging to the "Franklin House," will be in attendance at the Depots and Steamboat Landings to take passengers to this House, for 25 cents each, including luggage.

The Subscriber respectfully solicits a share of the Public patronage,—and having retained the services of Mr. JAMES M. SANDERSON, as Caterer for the Establishment, believes that the fullest satisfaction will be realized by all his guests.

The Office and Books are in charge of Mr. GEORGE P. BURNHAM, (late of Boston), who will be happy to meet his friends at the "FRANKLIN." D. K. MINOR, Proprietor.
Nov. 14-2m.

THE PLUMBE NATIONAL DAGUERRIAN GALLERY, 251 BROADWAY, UPPER COR. MURRAY ST. Instituted in 1840.

TWO PATENTS GRANTED UNDER GREAT SEAL OF THE U. S. AWARDED THE GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, FOUR FIRST PREMIUMS, and TWO HIGHEST HONORS, at the NATIONAL, the MASSACHUSETTS, the NEW YORK, and the PENNSYLVANIA EXHIBITIONS, respectively, for the MOST SPLENDID COLOURED DAGUERREOTYPES, AND BEST APPARATUS.

Portraits taken in any weather in exquisite style.
Apparatus and Stock, wholesale and retail.
Instruction given in the Art. Jly. 25-4f.

BEAR'S OIL.
HIGHLY SCENTED AND PURE FOR THE HAIR.
OF all the preparations for the HAIR, or WHISKERS, nothing equals the Oil prepared from BEAR'S GREASE. In most instances it restores the Hair to the Bald, and will effectually preserve it from falling off in any event. It was long noted by such eminent Physicians and Chemists as Sir Humphrey Davy and Sir Henry Hallford, that pure Bear's Grease, properly prepared, was the best thing ever discovered for the preservation of the Hair, or restoring it when Bald. The subscriber has saved no expense in getting the genuine Bear's Grease, from Canada and elsewhere, and prepared it in such a manner that the Oil, combined with its high perfume, renders it indispensable for the toilet and dressing-room of all.

Prepared and Sold by HENRY JOHNSON, Druggist and Chemist, 273 Broadway corner Chamber Street,—Granite Buildings—(successor to A. B. Sands & Co.) In bottles, 50 cents for large, 25 cents for small. Sept. 19-3m.

MANSION HOUSE, NATCHEZ.
JOHN McDONNELL, (Late of City Hotel), PROPRIETOR.
THE Subscriber respectfully informs the travelling public, and the public generally, that he has removed from the City Hotel, which house he has conducted for the last five years, and continues his business at the well known MANSION HOUSE, which will be entirely refitted and put in the best possible order.
By close attention to the comfort of his guests, he hopes to ensure a continuation of the patronage heretofore so liberally bestowed upon him. JOHN McDONNELL.
Natchez, March 19, 1846. Aug. 1-6m.

TO BOSTON, via NEWPORT & PROVIDENCE DIRECT.
The well-known and popular steamers MASSACHUSETTS and RHODE ISLAND, of 1000 tons each, built expressly for Long Island Sound, and by their construction, great strength, and powerful engines, are especially adapted to its navigation, now leave each place regularly every afternoon except Sunday.

Passengers from Boston in the Mail Train take the steamer at Providence about 6 o'clock, P. M., and arrive in New York early the following morning. Those from New York leave Pier No. 1, Battery Place, at 5 P. M., reach Providence also early the next morning, and proceed in the Morning Train for Boston, after a comfortable night rest on board the Steamer. (In private state rooms if desired), without either of Ferry or of being disturbed at Midnight to change from Boats to Cars, an annoyance so much complained of, especially by Ladies and Families travelling in other lines between New York and Boston.

The RHODE ISLAND, Capt. Winchester, leaves New York on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.

The MASSACHUSETTS, Capt. Potter, leaves New York on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

The Boats, going and returning, will land at Newport, and this is now found to be the cheapest, most convenient, and expeditious route for Fall River, Taunton, and New Bedford passengers.

For Passage, Berths, State Rooms, or Freight, application may be made in Boston, at Redding & Co., No. 8 State Street, and at the Depot of the Boston and Providence Railroad. In Providence, to the Agent at the Depot at India Point, and in New York of the Agents on the Wharf, and at the Office of the Company, No. 10 Battery Place. Jly 4-6m.

JOHNSON'S DRUG AND PERFUMERY STORE.
THIS place now belongs to Mr. HENRY JOHNSON, a partner in the late firm of A. B. Sands & Co. No establishment of the kind was ever more satisfactorily known,—situated in Broadway, cor. Chamber Street, (Granite Buildings),—and always copiously supplied with delicate Perfumeries of the choicest importation, toilet articles in large variety, pure Drugs and Medicines, &c. The fashionable resident and traveller will find at Johnson's a magnificent assortment, at a low rate. Jly 11-4f.

THE LONDON PENNY MAGAZINE, PENNY CYCLOPEDIA, &c.,
Imported and For Sale. (Wholesale and Retail.)
BY EDMUND BALDWIN, 155 BROADWAY.

1. THE PENNY MAGAZINE of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."—Volume for 1845 is now complete. All the back volumes constantly on hand.
2. THE SUPPLEMENT TO THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA.—It is unnecessary, in any announcement, to point out the value of this "Supplement to the Cyclopaedia." To the purchasers of the original work it will be almost indispensable; for, ranging over the whole field of knowledge, it was impossible, with every care, to avoid some material omissions of matters which ought to have found a place. But to these, and even to readers who may not desire to possess the complete Work, the Supplement has the inestimable advantage of exhibiting the march of Progressive Knowledge.—Volume ONE is now complete, and may be had bound in sheep, or in parts.
3. Also, THE PENNY CYCLOPEDIA of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."—The name of the Penny Cyclopaedia was derived from its original issue in a weekly sheet, when a work of much less magnitude was contemplated. From its commencement it has been supported by a great body of Contributors, eminent in their respective departments; and its articles, in many of the great branches of knowledge, are regarded as authorities, and have acquired celebrity, wherever the English language is read.—Complete and bound in 27 volumes sheep, or in 14 vols. 1-2 Russia. Feb. 21-4f.

DR. POWELL, M.D.
OCULIST AND OPERATIVE SURGEON, 261 BROADWAY, cor. Warren Street.

ATTENDS TO DISEASES OF THE EYE, and to operations upon that organ from 9 to 4 P. M. His method of treating AMAUROSIS has been highly successful. This affection is frequently far advanced before the suspicions of the patient are aroused, the disease often arising without any apparent cause, and the eye exhibiting very little morbid change. The more prominent symptoms are gradual obscurity and impairment of vision, objects at first looking misty or confused—in reading, the letters are not distinctly defined, but run into each other—vision becomes more and more indistinct; sometimes only portions of objects being visible, dark moving spots or motes seem to float in the air, flashes of light are evolved, accompanied by pain, giddiness, and a sense of heaviness in the brow or temple, too frequently by neglect or maltreatment, terminating in total loss of vision.

CATARACTS and OPACITIES or Specks on the Eye, are effectually removed. The most inveterate cases of STRABISMUS or SQUINTING cured in a few minutes.

ARTIFICIAL EYES INSERTED without pain or operation, that can with difficulty be distinguished from the natural.

SPECTACLES.—Advice given as to the kind of glasses suitable to particular defects. Residence and Offices 261 Broadway, cor. Warren-st. Spt. 13-4f.

PIANO FORTES.
PURCHASERS are invited to call at CHAMBER'S Ware-Rooms, No. 385 BROADWAY, for a superior and warranted article. Apl 18-4f.

FLOWERS, BOQUETS, &c.

WILLIAM LAIRD, Florist, 17th Street, 4th Avenue, (Union Square), N.Y., has always on hand, and for sale at moderate prices, Greenhouse plants of all the most esteemed species and varieties; also, hardy Herbaceous Plants, Shrubs, Grape vines, &c. Orders for Fruit and Ornamental Trees, supplied at the lowest rates. BOQUETS of choice flowers tastefully put up at all seasons.

N.B.—Experienced Gardeners to lay out and keep in order Gardens, prune Grape, &c. Gardeners supplied with experienced Gardeners, and Gardeners of character with places, by applying to Wm. Laird. Ap. 20-4f.

LEFT-OFF WARDROBE AND FURNITURE WANTED.

THE highest price can be obtained by Ladies and Gentlemen who wish to dispose of their left-off wardrobe and furniture. By sending a line to the subscriber's residence, through the Post Office, it will be promptly attended to.

J. LEVENSTYN, 465 Broadway, up-stairs. Jly 4-4f.

MAXIMILIAN RADER, 46 Chatham Street, N.Y., Dealer in imported Havana and Principe Segars in all their variety. LEAF TOBACCO for SEGAR Manufacturers, and Manufactured Tobacco constantly on hand. July 7-4f.

NEW LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

TO SAIL from NEW YORK on the 26th and from LIVERPOOL on the 11th of each month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
SHERIDAN,	F. A. Depeyster,	Sept. 26.	Nov. 11.
GARRICK,	B. I. H. Trask,	Oct. 26.	Dec. 11.
ROSCIOUS,	Ass. Eldridge,	Nov. 26.	Jan. 11.
SIDDONS,	E. B. Cobb,	Dec. 26.	Feb. 11.

These ships are all of the first class, upwards of 1100 tons, built in the City of New York, with such improvements as combine great speed with unusual comfort for passengers.

Every care has been taken in the arrangement of their accommodations. The price of passage hence is \$100, for which ample stores will be provided. These ships are commanded by experienced masters, who will make every exertion to give general satisfaction.

Neither the Captains or owners of the ships will be responsible for any letters, parcels, or packages sent by them, unless regular bills of lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to E. K. COLLINS & Co., 66 South Street, N.Y., or to BROWN, SHIPLEY & Co., Liverpool.

Letters by the Packets will be charged 12 1-2 cents per single sheet, 50 cents per ounce, and newspapers 1 cent each.

Messrs. E. K. Collins & Co. respectfully request the Publishers of Newspapers to discontinue all Advertisements not in their names of the Liverpool Packets, viz.:—the ROSCIUS, SIDDONS, SHERIDAN and GARRICK. To prevent disappointments, notice is hereby given, that contracts for passengers can only be made with them. My 24-4f.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 11th, and from LIVERPOOL on the 26th of every month:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
WATERLOO,	W. H. Allen,	July 11.	Aug. 26.
JOHN R. SKIDDY,	James C. Luce,	Aug. 11.	Sept. 26.
STEPHEN WHITNEY,	C. W. Popham,	Sept. 11.	Oct. 26.
VIRGINIAN,	W. H. Parson,	Oct. 11.	July 26.

These ships are of the first class, and their accommodations are unsurpassed for elegance and convenience. The reputation of their Commanders is well known, and every exertion will be made to promote the comfort of Passengers and interests of Importers. For freight or passage, apply to My 24-4f.

• ROBERT KERMIT, 76 South Street.

NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL LINE OF PACKETS.

SAILING from NEW YORK on the 6th and from LIVERPOOL on the 21st of each month, excepting that when the day of sailing falls on Sunday the Ship will be dispatched on the succeeding day.

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Ashburton,	H. Huttleston,	Jan. 6, May 6, Sept. 6.	Feb. 21, June 21, Oct. 21.
Packard Henry,	J. C. Delano,	Feb. 6, June 6, Oct. 6.	Mar. 21, July 21, Nov. 21.
Independence,	F. P. Allen,	Mar. 6, July 6, Nov. 6.	April 21, Aug. 21, Dec. 21.
Henry Clay,	Ezra Nye,	April 6, Aug. 6, Dec. 6.	May 21, Sept. 21, Jan. 21.

These ships are of a very superior character; are for their fast sailing qualities, and offer great inducements to shippers, to whom every facility will be granted.

They are commanded by experienced and able men, whose exertions will always be devoted to the promotion of the convenience and comfort of passengers.

The price of passage outward is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, save Wines and Liquors, which can at all times be obtained upon application to the Stewards.

Neither the Captains or Owners of the Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to CHAPMAN, BOWMAN & Co., Liverpool. My 31-4f.

LONDON LINE PACKETS.

To sail on the 1st, 10th, and 20th of every Month.

THIS LINE OF PACKETS will hereafter be composed of the following Ships, which will succeed each other, in the order in which they are named, sailing punctually from NEW YORK and PORTSMOUTH on the 1st, 10th, and 20th, and from LONDON on the 7th, 17th, and 27th of every month throughout the year, viz.:—

Ships.	Captains.	From New York.	From Portsmouth.
St. James,	F. R. Meyers,	Jan. 1, May 1, Sept. 1.	Feb. 20, June 20, Oct. 20.
Northumberland,	R. H. Griswold,	10, 10, 10.	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.
Gladiator,	R. L. Bunting,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Mediator,	J. M. Chadwick,	Feb. 1, June 1, Oct. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Switzerland,	E. Knight,	10, 10, 10.	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.
Quebec,	F. B. Hebard,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Victoria,	E. E. Morgan,	Mar. 1, July 1, Nov. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Wellington,	D. Chadwick,	10, 10, 10.	May 1, Sept. 1, Jan. 1.
Hendrick Hudson,	G. Moore,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.
Prince Albert,	W. S. Schor,	April 1, Aug. 1, Dec. 1.	20, 20, 20.
Toronto,	E. G. Tinker,	10, 10, 10.	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.
Westminster,	Hovey,	20, 20, 20.	10, 10, 10.

These ships are all of the first class, and are commanded by able and experienced navigators. Great care will be taken that the beds, wines, stores, &c., are of the best description.

The price of Cabin passage is now fixed at \$100 outward for each adult, without Wines and Liquors. Neither the Captains or Owners of these Packets will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. Apply to GRINNELL, MINTURN & Co., 78 South-st., N.Y., or to JOHN GRISWOLD, 70 South-st.

My 24-4f.

OLD LINE OF LIVERPOOL PACKETS.

THE OLD LINE OF PACKETS for LIVERPOOL will hereafter be despatched in the following order, excepting that when the sailing day falls on Sunday, the ship will sail on the succeeding day, viz.:—

Ships.	Masters.	From New York.	From Liverpool.
Oxford,	S. Yeaton,	June 1, Oct. 1, Feb. 1.	July 16, Nov. 16, Mar. 16.
Cambridge,	W. C. Barstow,	16, 16, 16.	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.
Montezuma, new	A. W. Lowber,	July 1, Nov. 1, Mar. 1.	16, 16, 16.
Fidelity, new	W. G. Hackstaff,	16, 16, 16.	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.
Europe,	E. G. Furber,	Aug. 1, Dec. 1, April 1.	16, 16, 16.
New York,	T. B. Cropper,	16, 16, 16.	Oct. 1, Feb. 1, June 1.
Columbia, new	J. Rathbone,	Sept. 1, Jan. 1, May 1.	16, 16, 16.
Vorshire, new	D. G. Bailey,	16, 16, 16.	Nov. 1, Mar. 1, July 1.

These Ships are not surpassed in point of elegance or comfort in their Cabin accommodations, or in their fast sailing qualities, by any vessels in the trade.

The Commanders are well known as men of character and experience; and the strictest attention will always be paid to promote the comfort and convenience of passengers. Punctuality as regards the days of sailing, will be observed as heretofore.

The price of passage outwards, is now fixed at \$100, for which ample stores of every description will be provided, with the exception of Wines and Liquors, which will be furnished by the Stewards if required.

Neither the Captains or Owners of these Ships will be responsible for any Letters, Parcels, or Packages sent by them, unless regular Bills of Lading are signed therefor. For freight or passage, apply to GOODHUE & Co., 64 South-st., or C. H. MARSHALL, 38 Burling-slip, N. Y., or BAKING, BROTHERS & Co., Liverpool.